

MILL POINT.

Miss Etta Smith is visiting at J. B. Pyles'.

Miss Grace Wade has been visiting at L. B. Smith's.

Miss Maud Smith has been visiting her sister, Mrs Bessie Shafer.

Frank Moore went to Marlinton on Monday, and W. H. Shafer on Tuesday.

The protracted meeting at Marvin, conducted by Rev Dills, seems to be doing much good.

The Gypsy camp is near the church, and the Gypsies seem to enjoy the music and motions of Christians very much.

There is no doubt that men are created for the accomplishment of some good in the world, but the calling cannot be read from the heart of the hand. There is a science called astrology that will show to a man the exact calling or occupation for him, and no man can have genuine success unless he follows the pursuit he is made for. Mill Point now has a Professor in Astrology.

The camp of Gypsies now at Marvin is without a doubt the largest ever in the county. They are now preparing to leave, but for the last two weeks things have been kept stirring on their account such as horse trading, horse racing and fortune telling. The Gypsy mode of fortune telling is nothing more nor less than a sort of mind reading, accompanied by an acquaintance with human nature. By continual practice the Gypsy can with some accuracy tell with some accuracy their passions and desires, by simply glancing at the open countenance.

HOME FOR SALE:—9 acres of land; good new house and other necessary buildings. Situated on public road, one mile from post office.

Apply to

MRS BESSIE SHAFER.

Mill Point, W. Va.

The Proportions.

It is a rule, somewhat severe,
But true as Deuteronomy;
There's just one month of Christmas cheer,
And eleven of economy.
—Washington Star.

Quarterly Meetings.

Pendleton, Judy Church, December 3, 4; Highland, Fair View, Dec. 10, 11; Edray, Dec. 17, 18; Ronceverte, Mt Sidney, Dec. 31, January 1; Monroe, Central, January 7, 8; Greenbrier, McMillion, 21, 22; Paint Bank, Maple Grove, 28, 29; Rich Patch, Alleghany Station, Feb. 4, 5; Augusta, Sherando, Feb. 11, 12; Blue Sulphur, Hills Chapel, February 25, 26; Forest Hill, Potertown, March 11, 12.

D. C. HEDRICK, P. M.

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Dr Witt became a noted minister in Prince Edward County, and gathered a church of seven or eight hundred members on Sandy River. The writer, while a student at the Seminary, heard Dr Witt preach the memorial sermon of a wealthy citizen who committed suicide on his wife's grave, a short time after her death. The writer led the singing of the hymns. After the services he was invited to dine with Dr Witt by a mutual friend, and was thus able to make his acquaintance. The venerable man had not forgotten about the dance and mentioned the Poages and the Callisons as persons he well remembered. Dr Witt was quite independent, even wealthy, and spent his old age in a charming country home in the limits of the grand congregation he had gathered in a pastorate of nearly thirty years duration. S. B. Witt, Jr., the eminent Richmond lawyer, is his son.

For many years religious services were held in the Court House. Then when the Academy was built in 1842, it was used as a place of worship by Methodists, of all branches, Episcopalian and Presbyterian. The Presbyterian church afterwards became the place where all denominations generally worshipped. This building was erected about the year 1855. It was used for barracks during the war and was much defaced. There seems to have been a soldier who had a genius for vulgar doggerel, and the rhymes he wrote upon the walls would have made a genteel dog blush if he could have made them out. This genius evidently had no good feeling for a character he called "Mudwall Jackson," and it is a compliment to that officer to have had the ill will of such a rhymster.

In the early summer of 1865 the Rev. M. D. Dunlap and W. T. Price were engaged in the first sacramental meeting held after the war. A detachment of Federal troops from Buckhannon passed through the town, rode around the church, looked in at the broken windows, examined the horses with critical eyes, and religious services were going on all the while without even pausing. Sermon and sacramental services over, Mr Dunlap, who had rode in from the country that morning and hitched his horse near the church, went to get his horse and found it had been taken away as a "branded horse." In some previous raid this had been left to die. Somehow it had come into Mr Dunlap's possession, and put in excellent condition by kind and careful treatment. The venerable preacher had to return to his home at Hillsboro on a borrowed horse.

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These memorabilia of Huntersville will now be brought to a conclusion. These papers must be regarded as tentative efforts to awaken interest in local history, call out additional items and elicit corrections where errors may appear in what has been written.

Nature seems to have made marked Huntersville and vicinity as designed for something of more than ordinary importance. The locality is approachable from the four quarters of the earth by valleys converging here. The beauty of the scenery everywhere displayed is something phenomenal in the view of all who have eyes to appreciate whatever is picturesque in mountains, forests and streams. The air is pure and exhilarating. Mineral waters abound in profusion, chalybeate, alum and sulphur. The most remarkable however are the arsenious-lithia fountains that bubble up in the Curry Meadow, in volume sufficient to meet the needs of a world of health seeking people requiring the benefits of lithia remedies.

Governor Flemming, in an address made by special invitation at Pittsburg six or seven years ago, said that one of the most remarkable iron regions yet discovered in the known world lies north east and south west of Huntersville, with Huntersville near the heart of it. Should this be so, the future of Huntersville is simply wonderful as to possibilities, unless something be found out to supercede the use of iron in the future industries of the earth.

Persons who have made themselves familiar with both vales, think that the poet who immortalized the Vale of Avoca would have changed his tune if he had ever looked over Huntersville and surroundings from Punkin Hill. It would have been this way:

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When I grewed up to be a map I
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Was the finest man in town;
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Not very hard, becuz
She seems to have so much to say
Against the things he does.
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Of course, ma heard me lettin' go,
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And in her grave before
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BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

The compiler of these pioneer memorabilia of John McNeel and his family feels happy in this opportunity to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by Captain William L. McNeel and Dr Matt Wallace.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Maryland. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder he fled. He followed the trend of the Alleghenies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body cannot be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he at last came in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by persons yet living, between M. J. McNeel's gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food,—subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison from his old home; who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, nor even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

Mr McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home, Mr McNeel married Miss Martha Davis, who was born in Wales, in 1740; and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care,—after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place,—that he built a house for worship—the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and the two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the war, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition to the effect that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. So far as now known this is the first white child buried west of the Blue Mountains, and the first white funeral at the McNeel grave-yard. They reared five children two sons and three daughters.

Miriam married John Jordan

and lived near Locust on what is now known as the "Jordan Place," owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. The sons were Jonathan, Isaac, John M., Abram, and Franklin.

Their daughter, Nancy Jordan, first married—Callison, of James. Upon his decease she became the wife of George Edmiston.

Jane Jordan married Major William Blair, who lived west of Hillsboro, on the farm now occupied by J. G. Beard.

Martha Jordan married the late Joseph Beard. She is living now (1897) with Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. Lieut J. J. Beard, of Huntersville, and Mrs Isaac McNeel, and Mrs William L. McNeel deceased, are her children.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill, who settled on Hill's Creek; and is remembered as the person who escaped at Drennan's, near the mouth of Stony Creek, when James Baker, school teacher, was slain by an Indian, about 1780. Their daughter, Elizabeth Hill, married the late John Bruffey, of Hill's Creek, where some of her descendants yet reside. Among them is T. A. Bruffey, Esq.

George Gilliam married a daughter of Mr and Mrs Hill, but her name could not be recalled.

The sons of Richard Hill were Colonel John Hill, from whom Hillsboro is named; Thomas Hill Joel Hill, Abram Hill, Isaac Hill, and George Hill.

Martha McNeel the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved West, and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert artisan. Capt McNeel has a clock made by this person that is one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere.

Abraham settled on the land now held by Captain Edgar, and by Captain W. L. McNeel and sons, Henry and Joseph. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons,—Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west.

The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret (Peggy), who married the late William Beard, of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha (Patsy) married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county some years since,—Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son, Dr Beard is a prominent physician in Lewisburg.

Nancy McNeel married James Rankin, and lived on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Locust.

Mary (Polly) was a life-long invalid, and never married.

Abram McNeel's third wife was Magdalen Kelly of Monroe County. At the time of their marriage she was the widow Haynes. Rev. James Haynes is a grandson of her first husband. The children of this third marriage are Henry Washington and William Lamb.

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Paul, John, Richard, and Isaac. The daughters were Hannah, Martha, Nancy, and Rachel.

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But very little, if any, of the lands he pre-empted has passed out of the possession of the relationship, now in the third and fourth generation,—a very remarkable circumstance in the history of American families. W. T. P.

The Sin of Profanity.

The Wise Man said: "There is nothing new under the sun," and so we find it. Certainly the use of profane language is not new, tho there are times and places that seem to be terribly prolific of this wide-spreading evil. And people who speak profanely (if they use the pen at all) are apt to write profanely,—even printed books, good in other respects, are not unfrequently marred by the irreverent use of God's holy name.

It is a long time ago that our Mighty Maker drew up by the hand of His servant Moses ten safe rules for man's obedience. Among these ten there is one especially devoted to the keeping of God's holy name, with severe warnings to breakers. Would that the 3d Commandment were written in letters of fire before the eyes of all who speak God's name lightly! Under the old Jewish dispensation this sin was punished with death; and in the 24th chapter of Leviticus we read of an instance of this kind.

A thought has sometimes presented itself to me, that if it is indeed true of spoken words going on forever before us, the sound really never ceasing, as the ripple on the water made by a pebble; and these spoken words, every single one, to meet us at the end of mortal career, in presence of the Great Judge at His bar,—what will the swearers do then when all his wicked oaths come up to him?

Some persons under great excitement of feeling or to render their speech more emphatic (as they imagine) will utter God's name lightly, persons who cannot

be called swearers, in the common acceptance of the term, yet they are wrong, all wrong in this, and commit sin in this for the name of God is holy.

God's goodness is great to us,—each single breath we draw a separate mercy,—and shall we use that very breath in insulting him, our Maker and our best friend?

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Twenty Pocahontas men enlisted in Company I, 3d West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry, viz:

John Kelly,	Sargent.
Perry Buzzard,	"
W. H. Sims,	"
C. O. W. Sharp,	"
Peter H. Grimes,	"
Frank Grimes,	Corporal
Abraham Sharp,	"
C. N. Kelly,	"
J. B. Hannah,	"
Beverly Waugh,	1st Lieutenant.

Privates in said Company.
D. K. Sims,
Zane B. Grimes,
Calvin Kelly,
J. H. Duncan.

Alfred D. Gay,
George W. McCarty,
Clark Grimes,
W. A. Kelly,
John W. Tyler.

Then there were soldiers from this county in other regiments, viz:

Andrew Wanless
Nelson Wanless
John Curry
Thomas Akers
William Cutlip
Jeremiah Sharp
Armenius Buzzard
Clark Kellison
Andrew Kellison
James Kee
William Duffield
William Duncan
Jasper Moore
David Moore
Milton C. Sharp
Brown Arbogast
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It would be well for soldiers of both armies, now fellow citizens of our county would endeavor to collect the names of all in the war between the States.

Many of our people had great-grandfathers in the Revolution and in the War of 1812, yet we are not satisfactorily aware of it because pains were not taken to remember their names and deeds by their friends.

Let us try to let our descendants know our history,—they will be more than pleased to have it,—and they will keep us from being forgotten in years to come. Thirty years or more have elapsed since the war. The war being over, and no need of us anymore as soldiers, we came home and resumed our different callings in life. Many of those that wore the blue are now voting with those who wore the grey, and vice versa. B. W.

"The word Jingo seems to have established its place in the language, and has taken on a certain character of legitimacy which may give it permanence. 'By Jingo' is a common Basque oath and means 'By God,' the dialectic form of the word Being Jingo, Jingo, Jingo, Gingo, Yingo, and Yainco. The 'Jingoes' (in a strict etymological sense) are therefore the swearers, those without moderation or restraint, prone to premature explosions, boastful, vain, overconfident."—New York Tribune.

MAYBE it is Mr Hanna that is to bring prosperity after he gets into the Senate.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Mr Agent Law writer as be scope It i and c Unive are as ioned man fashio schoo signat ture, men, stitut ure, t ment, sectio ence And, cially stitut increa Suc of the ia. A State, gress progr and i day a terie schoo amon The I claim first a young whom ly in paris comp their fortun sed, conde freely instar tion Mary on its ers ar more Th of the m orals ically stand ance, mode nishe parat tific i in m the u cent i ture, partn Its distir their sora l taphy Appl of the maste es an facul conte the fi calls the c Its heal ing t situa of the a scie excel the comt of a l and l ciety high one buter who may direc W it. dent preat lastir been ressi the y age, pron yout Th is we repei in th lishe her colle their a sch foste St marl has ing cons "I less was Was

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

The compiler of these pioneer memorabilia of John McNeel and his family feels happy in this opportunity to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by Captain William L. McNeel and Dr Matt Wallace.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Maryland. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder he fled. He followed the trend of the Alleghanies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body cannot be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he at last came in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by persons yet living, between M. J. McNeel's gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food,—subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison from his old home; who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, nor even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

Mr McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home, Mr McNeel married Miss Martha Davis, who was born in Wales, in 1740; and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care,—after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place,—that he built a house for worship—the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and the two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the war, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition to the effect that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. So far as now known this is the first white child buried west of the Blue Mountains, and the first white funeral at the McNeel grave-yard. They reared five children two sons and three daughters.

Miriam married John Jordan

and lived near Locust on what is now known as the "Jordan Place," owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. The sons were Jonathan, Isaac, John M., Abram, and Franklin.

Their daughter, Nancy Jordan, first married—Callison, of James. Upon his decease she became the wife of George Edmiston.

Jane Jordan married Major William Blair, who lived west of Hillsboro, on the farm now occupied by J. G. Beard.

Martha Jordan married the late Joseph Beard. She is living now (1897) with Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. Lieut J. J. Beard, of Huntersville, and Mrs Isaac McNeel, and Mrs William L. McNeel deceased, are her children.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill, who settled on Hill's Creek; and is remembered as the person who escaped at Drennan's, near the mouth of Stony Creek, when James Baker, school teacher, was slain by an Indian, about 1780. Their daughter, Elizabeth Hill, married the late John Bruffey, of Hill's Creek, where some of her descendants yet reside. Among them is T. A. Bruffey, Esq.

George Gilliam married a daughter of Mr and Mrs Hill, but her name could not be recalled.

The sons of Richard Hill were Colonel John Hill, from whom Hillsboro is named; Thomas Hill Joel Hill, Abram Hill, Isaac Hill, and George Hill.

Martha McNeel the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved West, and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert artisan. Capt McNeel has a clock made by this person that is one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere.

Abraham settled on the land now held by Captain Edgar, and by Captain W. L. McNeel and sons, Henry and Joseph. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons,—Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west.

The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret (Peggy), who married the late William Beard, of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha (Patsy) married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county some years since,—Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son, Dr Beard is a prominent physician in Lewisburg.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Fifty years ago one of the most active public men in lower Pocahontas was David Little Ruckman, Constable of the Levels District.

He was tall and wiry in person, quick and nervous in his movements, and usually rode in a rapid trot. He always meant business, and when he went to collect a debt the money or property had to be in evidence. Were an arrest to be made, he nearly always found the person that was wanted. His home was in the cove near Marvin to the right of the road passing to Mill Point, and is now occupied by Col John W. Ruckman and son, Mathews. His ancestry is traceable, according to Colonel John W. Ruckman's recollection, to David Ruckman, an Englishman, who settled in New Jersey. His son, David, born in New Jersey, and married to a Miss Little, came to Bath County, and was one of the first settlers in the Back Valley of Back Creek, on a farm now in the possession of William P. Campbell.

David Ruckman, the settler, began in the unbroken forest and built up a home. He died there, and was buried near the public road on a beautiful knoll.

It was here that David L. Ruckman was born and reared. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Highland County, whose son Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman, another brother, settled in Illinois.

D. L. Ruckman also had these sisters: Fannie married John Gum. She was the mother of Mrs Samuel Harper, on Knapp's creek, and Mrs Martha Ginger, whose son, George W. Ginger, now resides in Huntersville. Mr Ginger, her husband, was killed during the war. Mary Ann Ruckman went with her brother John to Ohio.

David L. Ruckman came to Pocahontas in 1832, and located at the place already pointed out. He married Priscilla Wade, daughter of Otho Wade, of now Highland.

She was a very superior person in avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

MR. WARD L. SMITH, of Fredericktown, Mo., was troubled with chronic diarrhoea for over thirty years. He had become fully satisfied that it was only a question of a short time until he would have to give up. He had been treated by some of the best physicians of Europe and America but got no permanent relief. One day he picked up a paper and chanced to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He got a bottle of it, the first dose he ped him and its continued use cured him. For sale by druggists.

Now living on the old homestead near Marvin. He was born in Highland, 1824, and was eight years old when the family moved to this county. He married Miss Margaret Ann Moore, daughter of William and Christina (Dodds) Moore, near Edray. Mr Moore was a son of the distinguished pioneer hunter and scout Moses Moore.

Colonel J. W. Ruckman's son, Mathews, married Miss Margaret Hogsett, only daughter of Josiah T. Hogsett, Esq., and father and son dwell under the same prosperous and happy roof.

Many years since Colonel Ruckman lost his hearing. Lately one of his eyes was seriously affected. Before he was overtaken by these afflictions none seemed to have better prospects for wealth and advancement and social prominence.

James Watts Ruckman, was another member of David L. Ruckman's family. He first married Miss Caroline Bruffey, daughter of Patrick Bruffey, Esq., near Green Bank. By this marriage there was one son, William Wallace Ruckman, who now resides near Mill Point; his wife was Miss Lizzie

Patton. James W. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Caroline Arbogast, from near Green Bank. Her sons were Renick and Otho Ruckman. Otho lives near Buffalo Mountain, beyond Green Bank, and is well known as an industrious citizen and a good singer.

Her daughter, Nancy Priscilla Ruckman, is now Mrs Winfield Slaven, near Mill Point. Her son Orin is a skillful printer.

In the war between the States James W. Ruckman espoused the Confederate cause, and belonged to Captain William L. McNeel's company. While on a scout near Edray, early in 1864, he was captured and sent to Fort Delaware. Thence he was sent to Richmond for exchange, and died before leaving the city.

Otho Wade Ruckman, another son of David L. Ruckman, first married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County. Her daughter became the second wife of Levi Waugh, near Edray, and she is survived by three children, two daughters and a son, Grover Waugh.

Otho W. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Mary Frances Twyman, near Edray, whose father perished in the "Twyman Flood." She is a descendant of Alexander Waddell, the pioneer, a great-granddaughter by her mother's side, the late widow of Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft.

Clarissa Ruckman, eldest daughter of David L. Ruckman, married Peter Overholt, and is now dead.

Mary Ruckman, another daughter, married Jacob Cackley, whom she survives, and she resides on Stamping Creek, with her nephew Wallace.

Catherine Ruckman married Peter McNeel. She is dead, but is survived by her daughter, Mrs J. S. Moore, near Marvin.

David Ruckman, Jr., the youngest of D. L. Ruckman's sons, was a faithful Confederate soldier. He first belonged to Captain Smith's command, in Greenbrier County. For a good while his company was assigned to General Loring's bodyguard. Finally it was attached to a cavalry battalion and ordered to Tennessee. He was mortally wounded near Morristown, Tennessee, and died in a few days thereafter.

Thus closes the narrative for the present. Characters have passed under our notice that illustrate what may be achieved by persons who diligently make use of their opportunities. These people were patriotic, industrious, and endowed with good minds, and have left their impress upon their community that makes for good morals, conservative citizenship, and intellectual improvement. We believe the few that survive will see to it that the Ruckman reputation will lose nothing by them. W. T. P.

Pearls of Thought.

To live always as in the presence of God is to have the highest blessing and the greatest power possible to the believer.

He who believes nothing achieves nothing.

He who serves willingly serves gracefully.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of others.

Experience alone is unconquerable conviction.

Social or public prayer is like dwelling in the outer court; secret prayer like entering the inner temple. None enters the inner temple who is not found in the outer court. Every want, every grief, every anxiety, every temptation, every friend, and every foe should be objects of prayer. But prayer for spiritual blessings for ourselves and others is the essence of prayer. And spiritual blessings consist chiefly in the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nothing is given us but by the Holy Spirit. He is the messenger. He takes of the things of Christ and gives them to us.—Mary Lyon.

GEOGRAPHIC.

"WILLIAM," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?"

"Only what my father found out in the newspaper."

"What is that?"

"He says it's in a mighty bad shape at present.—The Star, Washington.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Fifty years ago one of the most active public men in lower Pocahontas was David Little Ruckman, Constable of the Levels District.

He was tall and wiry in person, quick and nervous in his movements, and usually rode in a rapid trot. He always meant business, and when he went to collect a debt the money or property had to be in evidence. Were an arrest to be made, he nearly always found the person that was wanted. His home was in the cove near Marvin to the right of the road passing to Mill Point, and is now occupied by Col John W. Ruckman and son, Mathews. His ancestry is traceable, according to Colonel John W. Ruckman's recollection, to David Ruckman, an Englishman, who settled in New Jersey. His son, David, born in New Jersey, and married to a Miss Little, came to Bath County, and was one of the first settlers in the Back Valley of Back Creek, on a farm now in the possession of William P. Campbell.

David Ruckman, the settler, began in the unbroken forest and built up a home. He died there, and was buried near the public road on a beautiful knoll.

It was here that David L. Ruckman was born and reared. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Highland County, whose son Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman, another brother, settled in Illinois.

D. L. Ruckman also had these sisters: Fannie married John Gum. She was the mother of Mrs Samuel Harper, on Knapp's creek, and Mrs Martha Ginger, whose son, George W. Ginger, now resides in Huntersville. Mr Ginger, her husband, was killed during the war. Mary Ann Ruckman went with her brother John to Ohio.

David L. Ruckman came to Pocahontas in 1832, and located at the place already pointed out. He married Priscilla Wade, daughter of Otho Wade, of now Highland.

She was a very superior person in avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

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now living on the old homestead near Marvin. He was born in Highland, 1824, and was eight years old when the family moved to this county. He married Miss Margaret Ann Moore, daughter of William and Christina (Dodds) Moore, near Edray. Mr Moore was a son of the distinguished pioneer hunter and scout Moses Moore.

Colonel J. W. Ruckman's son, Mathews, married Miss Margaret Hogsett, only daughter of Josiah T. Hogsett, Esq., and father and son dwell under the same prosperous and happy roof.

Many years since Colonel Ruckman lost his hearing. Lately one of his eyes was seriously affected. Before he was overtaken by these afflictions none seemed to have better prospects for wealth and advancement and social prominence.

James Watts Ruckman, was another member of David L. Ruckman's family. He first married Miss Caroline Bruffey, daughter of Patrick Bruffey, Esq., near Green Bank. By this marriage there was one son, William Wallace Ruckman, who now resides near Mill Point; his wife was Miss Lizzie

Patton. James W. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Caroline Arbogast, from near Green Bank. Her sons were Renick and Otho Ruckman. Otho lives near Buffalo Mountain, beyond Green Bank, and is well known as an industrious citizen and a good singer.

Her daughter, Nancy Priscilla Ruckman, is now Mrs Winfield Slaven, near Mill Point. Her son Orin is a skillful printer.

In the war between the States James W. Ruckman espoused the Confederate cause, and belonged to Captain William L. McNeel's company. While on a scout near Edray, early in 1864, he was captured and sent to Fort Delaware. Thence he was sent to Richmond for exchange, and died before leaving the city.

Otho Wade Ruckman, another son of David L. Ruckman, first married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County. Her daughter became the second wife of Levi Waugh, near Edray, and she is survived by three children, two daughters and a son, Grover Waugh.

Otho W. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Mary Frances Twyman, near Edray, whose father perished in the "Twyman Flood." She is a descendant of Alexander Waddell, the pioneer, a great-granddaughter by her mother's side, the late widow of Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft.

Clarissa Ruckman, eldest daughter of David L. Ruckman, married Peter Overholt, and is now dead.

Mary Ruckman, another daughter, married Jacob Cackley, whom she survives, and she resides on Stamping Creek, with her nephew Wallace.

Catherine Ruckman married Peter McNeel. She is dead, but is survived by her daughter, Mrs J. S. Moore, near Marvin.

David Ruckman, Jr., the youngest of D. L. Ruckman's sons, was a faithful Confederate soldier. He first belonged to Captain Smith's command, in Greenbrier County. For a good while his company was assigned to General Loring's body-guard. Finally it was attached to a cavalry battalion and ordered to Tennessee. He was mortally wounded near Morristown, Tennessee, and died in a few days thereafter.

Thus closes the narrative for the present. Characters have passed under our notice that illustrate what may be achieved by persons who diligently make use of their opportunities. These people were patriotic, industrious, and endowed with good minds, and have left their impress upon their community that makes for good morals, conservative citizenship, and intellectual improvement. We believe the few that survive will see to it that the Ruckman reputation will lose nothing by them. W. T. P.

Pearls of Thought.

To live always as in the presence of God is to have the highest blessing and the greatest power possible to the believer.

He who believes nothing achieves nothing.

He who serves willingly serves gracefully.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of others.

Experience alone is unconquerable conviction.

Social or public prayer is like dwelling in the outer court; secret prayer like entering the inner temple. None enters the inner temple who is not found in the outer court. Every want, every grief, every anxiety, every temptation, every friend, and every foe should be objects of prayer. But prayer for spiritual blessings for ourselves and others is the essence of prayer. And spiritual blessings consist chiefly in the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nothing is given us but by the Holy Spirit. He is the messenger. He takes of the things of Christ and gives them to us.—Mary Lyon.

GEOGRAPHIC.

"WILLIAM," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?"

"Only what my father found out in the newspaper."

"What is that?"

"He says it's in a mighty bad shape at present.—The Star, Washington.

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FOOTBALL.

Oak Grove 2; Frost 1.

On March 6th a game of foot-
ball was played at Mr Clark Dil-
ley's between the above teams.
Altho the day was unfavorable,
there was quite a crowd out to
witness the—among them several
ladies—who kept up a lively cheer-
ing for both teams.

The game was called at 1:20 p.
m., and was hotly contested from
the start. The ball was carried
down to Oak Grove's goal-line and
a skirmish ensued which resulted
in a first goal for Frost by being
kicked through by one of the op-
posite side. The ball was soon in
play, and was carried into Frost's
territory, and a goal was scored for
Oak Grove,—being knocked thro
by one of Frost's full-back. The
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a free-kick the ball was passed to
King who scored goal number 2.
Half-time was called, the score
standing 2-1 in Oak Grove's favor.
No scoring was done in the last
half, tho the playing was hard and
fast.

Oak Grove.—B. King, Captain;
S. Sutton, C. Dilley, F. Arbogast,
J. Hudson (forwards.) W. Arbo-
gust, J. Sutton, H. Sheets (half-
backs.) E. Wooddell, W. Hudson
(full-backs.) E. Hudson (goal.)

Frost.—C. Sharp, Captain, U.
Sharp, A. Sharp, O. Williams, W.
B. Sharp (forwards.) H. Reed, S.
Curry, H. Sharp (half-backs.) G.
Dilley, B. Sharp (full-backs.) S.
Gibson (goal.)

Referee, Walker Yeager; lines-
men, O. Slavin and J. Reed.

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fast.

Oak Grove.—B. King, Captain;
S. Sutton, C. Dilley, F. Arbogast,
J. Hudson (forwards.) W. Arbo-
gust, J. Sutton, H. Sheets (half-
backs.) E. Wooddell, W. Hudson
(full-backs.) E. Hudson (goal.)

Frost.—C. Sharp, Captain, U.
Sharp, A. Sharp, O. Williams, W.
B. Sharp (forwards.) H. Reed, S.
Curry, H. Sharp (half-backs.) G.
Dilley, B. Sharp (full-backs.) S.
Gibson (goal.)

Referee, Walker Yeager; lines-
men, O. Slavin and J. Reed.

D. W. DEVER

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Sweet C of th Where B spec Where w ticke As on an Where s time With ma trade Where the t To hunt lawn How mar happy When to to pl When all boy To batter —T. S. V Chicago.

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SWEET C of th Where B spec Where w ticke As on an Where s time With ma trade Where the t To hunt lawn How mar happy When to to pl When all boy To batter —T. S. V Chicago.

Wife Beater!

He Cuts his 15 yr. old Wife with a Knife

And beats her Head into Jelly with the Butt of his Pistol.

The Strange Case of George W. Roberts and Wife.

The people of this town were never more excited than over the strange and unaccountable behavior of George W. Roberts and his wife, who came to this neighborhood, last Saturday morning, and we will begin at the beginning and tell what gave rise to conjecture and suspicion among our people.

George W. Roberts kept books in Peter's camp last winter, and is a native of Pennsylvania. Last summer he married Rosa Lindsay, of this county, aged 15 years. Her extreme youth caused those who looked over the registry of marriages in the County Clerk's office to notice the event particularly. Last Saturday the couple arrived at Uriah Bird's hotel. The wife was sick and kept her room, requesting everyone who knocked at the door not to enter. Sounds of a struggle were heard by those in the hotel, but no inquiries were made. Sunday morning, when Roberts went to the livery stable to arrange for a conveyance to Addison, Mrs. Roberts came down carrying a small grip, and seemed to be making an effort to run away from him. After she had gone, the room which they had occupied was examined, and the walls, floor, and furniture were found splattered with blood, and a slop-bucket was half full of blood and water.

The woman was next heard of at Edgar Sharp's, about ten miles from Marlinton, whither she had walked Sunday morning. She asked Mr. Sharp to put her over Greenbrier River, and told him she was in trouble. She cried bitterly and the blood was dripping from her hand and her arm was bound up. While she was resting there her husband came up and claimed that she was his sister who had run away from her husband. She retired to a distant corner of the yard and talked with him; while Edgar Sharp, noting the suspicious actions of the parties, looked in her valise and saw there a shirt-waist which had been saturated with blood, showing that the entire sleeve of the waist had been split with a knife. Mrs. Sharp helped the woman to dress her wounds and saw that she had received a terrible cut in the arm from a knife. The woman went with Roberts to the house of Caroline Smith, a distance of seven miles, where they had supper. Here Roberts said that it was his niece whom he had with him. Thence they went to the house of Dave Sharp, about four miles farther, where they made arrangements to spend the night. The woman was in very delicate health, was under treatment of a physician, and had walked on Sunday over these mountain roads—twenty-one miles, with a fresh and bleeding wound. Where she lay in bed was marked with blood.

At her request Mrs. Sharp allowed her to share the bed of her daughter. Roberts sat up until about one o'clock, and upon his intrusion into the room when he wished to go to bed, Dave Sharp took him by the coat collar and thrust him out into the night. At Roberts' commands, his wife arose about two o'clock and dressed herself and went with her husband. Sharp offered her protection from her husband, which she refused.

After leaving the house a pistol shot was fired, and nothing more was seen or heard of them until the next morning, when Roberts appeared from the shelter of a laurel thicket to William B. Johnson, where he was at work near his house. Johnson is Sharp's nearest neighbor. Roberts' clothes were covered with blood. He asked who could convey him to Addison. Roberts had no blood on his clothes when he left Dave Sharp's and it was then thought that the worst might have happened. Some parties went to where the shot had been fired, and found a pool of blood and a woman's handkerchief covered with blood.

A warrant was issued when the above facts had been reported to the justice, and a posse composed of W. W. Tyree, J. W. Yeager, Will McLaughlin, John Yeager, and W. B. King arrested Roberts at Wesley Barlow's, on Williams River Mountain. His wife was with him, and the appearance of her face would have appealed to any man who had the least trace of humanity in his nature. It had the appearance of having been beaten unmercifully and was so swollen and bruised that the people at Bird's Hotel could hardly recognize her as the same woman. The explanation she gave of her condition was that on Sunday a wagon had upset with her and had caused the hurt, though when she left Sharp's Monday at 2 a. m. she was not beaten about the face. She was, apparently, highly incensed at the arrest of Roberts.

This was the enigmatical condition of the case when the justice proceeded with the examination Tuesday. The man's motives in

so acting was past comprehending. Was he drunk, crazy, or possessed of a devil; and was the woman clinging to him as women often do to the man who most illuses them or was she intimidated?

The writing of this report will be finished when the trial is over. The above are the circumstances that have roused the people of this section in behalf of the woman, tho she does not seem to feel or know of any injury to herself except that of the arrest of her husband.

The mysterious silence of the woman ceased when she found herself surrounded and encouraged by sympathizing members of her sex at Marlinton, and she tells a fearful story. Briefly related, her statement is that Saturday her husband, in an insane fit of jealousy, made a murderous attack on her at Bird's Hotel with a knife. After leaving Dave Sharp's that night he pressed the muzzle of the pistol to her head and told her that she was about to be killed. At that moment she evidently suffered all the terror of those who come sitting to violent deaths. He discharged the pistol while it rested against her head, and turning it in her hand beat her face into a pulp. The shot was that heard by Sharp.

The woman is threatened with blood poisoning. Her wounds are terrible. The principal cut extends the whole length of her arm. It gapes an inch or more and is to the bone. There are other cuts—one in the breast and the other across the wrist—which are serious. She was beaten about the head with the pistol, the hammer of which made some small wounds in the back of the head. Her face is almost in a pulp. Owing to their lack of surgical attention they could not be sewed up at the time when a doctor attended her. Her nose was broken also. There is something supremely touching in her effort to hide and shield her husband when these wounds were first made.

The prisoner waived examination and was placed in jail. His bail has not yet been fixed. He begged to be taken to jail, saying he feared some violence might be done him by indignant citizens, and public sentiment is very intense. The wife is a nice-looking girl of slight form. Roberts is rather intelligent-looking and of seemingly nervous disposition. When taken to jail he was trembling so that he could hardly stand. He presented the appearance of a man about to have delirium tremens and he had been drinking heavily.

William Irvine, of this place, knew Roberts in Pennsylvania, and says that he came from Lockport, Indiana County.

Webster County.

To the Editor of The Times:

I write from our camp in the woods of Webster.

Peter Dow is one of the most prominent contractors in this county.

James Roche is the finest cook that ever entered the woods.

Al Dow has just arrived from Canada to assist his brother.

J. B. McNeill, the book keeper, is at home on a visit.

J. J. Dugan is the blacksmith.

A. S. McNeill is going to move to his new camp shortly.

Frank Thomson is in Pocahontas county on business this week. The West Virginia Hardwood Mills are under full blast.

The Gauley Company's mills are losing no time.

The Webster lumber company is preparing to start its mills.

John Silva will be here in a few days to commence his job of skidding for Peter Dow.

There is one case of the measles in this vicinity.

Business is increasing.

Men can get employment here at good wages without any trouble.

G. S. GLADWELL,

Jack, Webster County, W. Va.

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

Book about it free for the asking. For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera, Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Taste Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Terrible Accident in Renick's Valley.

James Brown, a son of Allan Brown, of Spring Creek, was instantly killed while firing an engine in Renick's Valley, in the upper end of Greenbrier County, Friday, April 16. His death was due to the breaking of the main belt of the saw mill. He was standing immediately behind the engine, and had been replenishing the fire. He had used iron poker and had placed to his right hand. At that instant the band parted and in jerking back, caught the poker in its folds and struck him in the forehead, crushing the skull and causing instant death.

The victim was a man of about thirty years and unmarried. He was an expert engineer and had been in the sawmill business for a long time. In person he was of very striking appearance, being a large, well made man, weighing about 250 pounds.

The mill he was on working belonged to Shirkey & Wright and located at the foot of Spring Creek Mountain, on Charles Bright's land and sawing Abraham Beard's timber.

This accident calls to mind a similar occurrence in the same mill about two weeks ago. At that time the same belt broke and caught a double-bitted axe in the hands of a mill hand named Copenhaver and whirling it in the same manner cut the skin of Copenhaver's throat, while the handle of the axe broke his fore finger.

An Old Gun.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

G. W. Ginger, Esq., of Huntersville, has in his possession a shotgun that was brought from Germany by his great-grandfather. At his death it became the property of George's grandfather, who lived in Rockbridge County, Va., and, doubtless, the gun has helped to rid that county of the numerous bears and wolves of those days. Then it descended to George's father, who was killed during the war. When George was a small boy he had a great anxiety to go hunting, so his mother gave him the old shotgun, and he started out for a hunt. He had not gone far when he spied a squirrel on a tree, and taking aim, fired, and down fell the squirrel. He picked it up and ran home to his grandmother, showing his game, and had forgotten his old shotgun in the woods.

The gun is still in good shooting order. H. M.

A Recommend.

In an old "deed poll" made in 1795 for a tract of land now embraced in Pocahontas County the parties contract by what they call a "recommend," which seems to have been the report of the prospector, agent, and surveyor. The parties seem to have both lived in Pennsylvania, and this prospector, "one Daniel McCau," had penetrated to this county and reported in his "recommendation" as follows on this tract. The county was then a part of Harrison County.

"This or parcel of Land Lays Situate in the County of Harrison on the Weathers of William's River, Containing one thousand acres and is Land of ye first rait and quality and is Well Watered and Well Timbered. The right of said land is good it being Warranted in year eighty-two by Benjamin Copeland. Is verrey clear of Stone and as for timber consists of Walnut and Buckeye and the underfoot Brush is chiefly Spicewood and this is the true character of said land as witness my hand this 8th day of October, 1795.

No. 5th. DANIEL MCCAU."

The ink on this old scrap of paper is as clear and readable as when it was first written.

Any information concerning the said Daniel McCau will be of interest to the history department of this paper.

Mrs. FRANCIS MCCOY, who is at the Marlinton Infirmary, undergoing a critical surgical operation, is doing very well, indeed. There is much reason for hoping that her convalescence will be rapid and satisfactory. This will afford her numerous friends throughout the county much pleasure to hear, Mrs. McCoy is held in highest esteem by her friends and acquaintances, as a very worthy person, and wide spread interest is felt in her recovery.

LITTLE LEVELS.

Our vicinity was visited by some cattle buyers last week and we understand S. H. Clark and L. M. Beard sold at rather good prices. We hope to hear of all of our cattle men making good sales.

Our people were well represented at James Renick's sale Tuesday and some good stock came this way.

Mr. Alvin Clark made a business trip to Frankford last week.

John Pickering, of Falling Spring, spent a few days in our midst last week.

Charles Gilliam and son were the guests of W. W. Beard for several days last week.

G. R. Curry was down to Lewisburg last week attending to his business.

Andrew Price and wife spent Sunday in the Levels.

Miss Lillie Curry was visiting relatives here last week.

Miss Susie Simmons has located at Hillsboro.

J. H. Maxen, traveling agent for the McCormick H. M. Co., passed thro the Levels on his way to Lewisburg, Saturday. He reports 50 sales so far in Pocahontas County.

Mrs. R. W. Hill and her two sons, Anthony and David left Friday to visit friends and relatives in Greenbrier County.

Some of our people want to know why Willis Baxter goes to Huntersville so often. We suppose it is to meet the "Lodge."

Ed Jackson was in our town last Sunday and Monday.

BUMBLEBEE.

YELK.

Easter is over and quite a number of eggs have been broken.

Very few farmers are done sowing oats owing to the wet weather.

Miss Ettie Moore, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. John Gibson, has gone home.

Constable A. P. Gray was in this part Saturday.

Walter Mann has brought his cattle to William Gibson's to be grazed this summer.

Will Varner has completed a very nice dairy at the cold spring near his home.

John Hull has been in this part for some time and has done several small jobs of work.

Jim Gibson had a big log rolling, but the most enjoyable part was two fine turkeys prepared for the occasion with a great many other good things. Several ladies assisted Mrs. Gibson, but they all kissed the almanac that they would not tell who made the kettle of dumplings.

Floyd Ware has moved to Jake Gibson's farm for one year. Jake says one year is long enough to rent a time, for a body don't know when some girl might say "y-e-s!"

There has been more clearing done on Elk this winter than has been done in several years.

Amos Doyle says he is not discouraged.

Charley McCoy has returned from somewhere. GUESS.

Big Bargains at Pullin's.

Calicoes, 4 1-2c.
Gingham, 7c.
Outing, 6 1-2c.
India Linen, 8c.
Linen, 9c.
Cheese Cloth, 4c.
Poult Goods, 18c.
Linen Table Covers, 35c.
Men's Suits, from \$2.80 up.
Boys' Suits, from \$1.09 up.
Men's Pants, 48c.
Boys' Pants, 34c.
A good Mole-skin Pants, worth \$1.25, for 39c.
Overshirts, 19c.
Men's Dress Shirts, 37c.
Drawers, 24c.
Men's socks, 6 pair for 25c.
Ladies Vests, 8c or 15c a pair.
Men's Dust Brooms, 5c.
Good Straw Mallet, 12 1-2c.
Cuticle Soap, 10 c.—a good toilet Soap.
A Boys Collar, ten cents.
Oil Carpets, 34c per yard.
Ingrain Carpets, 49c.
Stair Carpets, 25c.
Two Papers of Pins, 5c.

Big bargains in Tin and Glass Ware. We have other bargains that will interest you. Our goods are new and fresh. Call and be convinced. All mail orders receive our prompt attention.

Lightning Hot Drops—What a Funny Name! Very True, but it Kills All Pain. Sold Everywhere, Every Day—Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Wife Beater!

He Cuts his 15 yr. old Wife with a Knife

And beats her Head into Jelly with the Butt of his Pistol.

The Strange Case of George W. Roberts and Wife.

The people of this town were never more excited than over the strange and unaccountable behavior of George W. Roberts and his wife, who came to this neighborhood, last Saturday morning, and we will begin at the beginning and tell what gave rise to conjecture and suspicion among our people.

George W. Roberts kept books in Peter's camp last winter, and is a native of Pennsylvania. Last summer he married Rosa Lindsay, of this county, aged 15 years. Her extreme youth caused those who looked over the registry of marriages in the County Clerk's office to notice the event particularly. Last Saturday the couple arrived at Uriah Bird's hotel. The wife was sick and kept her room, requesting everyone who knocked at the door not to enter. Sounds of a struggle were heard by those in the hotel, but no inquiries were made. Sunday morning, when Roberts went to the livery stable to arrange for a conveyance to Addison, Mrs. Roberts came down carrying a small grip, and seemed to be making an effort to run away from him. After she had gone, the room which they had occupied was examined, and the walls, floor, and furniture were found splattered with blood, and a slop-bucket was half full of blood and water.

The woman was next heard of at Edgar Sharp's, about ten miles from Marlinton, whither she had walked Sunday morning. She asked Mr. Sharp to put her over Greenbrier River, and told him she was in trouble. She cried bitterly and the blood was dripping from her hand and her arm was bound up. While she was resting there her husband came up and claimed that she was his sister who had run away from her husband. She retired to a distant corner of the yard and talked with him; while Edgar Sharp, noting the suspicious actions of the parties, looked in her valise and saw there a shirt-waist which had been saturated with blood, showing that the entire sleeve of the waist had been split with a knife. Mrs. Sharp helped the woman to dress her wounds and saw that she had received a terrible cut in the arm from a knife. The woman went with Roberts to the house of Caroline Smith, a distance of seven miles, where they had supper. Here Roberts said that it was his niece whom he had with him. Thence they went to the house of Dave Sharp, about four miles farther, where they made arrangements to spend the night. The woman was in very delicate health, was under treatment of a physician, and had walked on Sunday over these mountain roads—twenty-one miles, with a fresh and bleeding wound. Where she lay in bed was marked with blood.

At her request Mrs. Sharp allowed her to share the bed of her daughter. Roberts sat up until about one o'clock, and upon his intrusion into the room when he wished to go to bed, Dave Sharp took him by the coat collar and thrust him out into the night. At Roberts' commands, his wife arose about two o'clock and dressed herself and went with her husband. Sharp offered her protection from her husband, which she refused.

After leaving the house a pistol shot was fired, and nothing more was seen or heard of them until the next morning, when Roberts appeared from the shelter of a laurel thicket to William B. Johnson, where he was at work near his house. Johnson is Sharp's nearest neighbor. Roberts' clothes were covered with blood. He asked who could convey him to Addison. Roberts had no blood on his clothes when he left Dave Sharp's and it was then thought that the worst might have happened. Some parties went to where the shot had been fired, and found a pool of blood and a woman's handkerchief covered with blood.

A warrant was issued when the above facts had been reported to the justice, and a posse composed of W. W. Tyree, J. W. Yeager, Will McLaughlin, John Yeager, and W. B. King arrested Roberts at Wesley Barlow's, on Williams River Mountain. His wife was with him, and the appearance of her face would have appealed to any man who had the least trace of humanity in his nature. It had the appearance of having been beaten unmercifully and was so swollen and bruised that the people at Bird's Hotel could hardly recognize her as the same woman. The explanation she gave of her condition was that on Sunday a wagon had upset with her and had caused the hurt, though when she left Sharp's Monday at 2 a. m. she was not beaten about the face. She was, apparently, highly incensed at the arrest of Roberts.

This was the enigmatical condition of the case when the justice proceeded with the examination Tuesday. The man's motives in

so acting was past comprehending. Was he drunk, crazy, or possessed of a devil; and was the woman clinging to him as women often do to the man who most illuses them or was she intimidated?

The writing of this report will be finished when the trial is over. The above are the circumstances that have roused the people of this section in behalf of the woman, tho she does not seem to feel or know of any injury to herself except that of the arrest of her husband.

The mysterious silence of the woman ceased when she found herself surrounded and encouraged by sympathizing members of her sex at Marlinton, and she tells a fearful story. Briefly related, her statement is that Saturday her husband, in an insane fit of jealousy, made a murderous attack on her at Bird's Hotel with a knife. After leaving Dave Sharp's that night he pressed the muzzle of the pistol to her head and told her that she was about to be killed. At that moment she evidently suffered all the terror of those who come sitting to violent deaths. He discharged the pistol while it rested against her head, and turning it in her hand beat her face into a pulp. The shot was that heard by Sharp.

The woman is threatened with blood poisoning. Her wounds are terrible. The principal cut extends the whole length of her arm. It gapes an inch or more and is to the bone. There are other cuts—one in the breast and the other across the wrist—which are serious. She was beaten about the head with the pistol, the hammer of which made some head wounds in the back of the head. Her face is almost in a pulp. Owing to their lack of surgical attention they could not be sewed up at the time when a doctor attended her. Her nose was broken also. There is something supremely touching in her effort to hide and shield her husband when these wounds were first made.

The prisoner waived examination and was placed in jail. His bail has not yet been fixed. He begged to be taken to jail, saying he feared some violence might be done him by indignant citizens, and public sentiment is very intense. The wife is a nice-looking girl of slight form. Roberts is rather intelligent-looking and of seemingly nervous disposition. When taken to jail he was trembling so that he could hardly stand. He presented the appearance of a man about to have delirium tremens and he had been drinking heavily.

William Irvine, of this place, knew Roberts in Pennsylvania, and says that he came from Lockport, Indiana County.

Webster County.

To the Editor of The Times:

I write from our camp in the woods of Webster.

Peter Dow is one of the most prominent contractors in this county.

James Roche is the finest cook that ever entered the woods.

Al Dow has just arrived from Canada to assist his brother.

J. B. McNeill, the book keeper, is at home on a visit.

J. J. Dugan is the blacksmith.

A. S. McNeill is going to move to his new camp shortly.

Frank Thomson is in Pocahontas county on business this week. The West Virginia Hardwood Mills are under full blast.

The Gauley Company's mills are losing no time.

The Webster lumber company is preparing to start its mills.

John Silva will be here in a few days to commence his job of skidding for Peter Dow.

There is one case of the measles in this vicinity.

Business is increasing.

Men can get employment here at good wages without any trouble.

G. S. GLADWELL,

Jack, Webster County, W. Va.

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

Book about it free for the asking. For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera, Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Taste Good, Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Terrible Accident in Renick's Valley.

James Brown, a son of Allan Brown, of Spring Creek, was instantly killed while firing an engine in Renick's Valley, in the upper end of Greenbrier County, Friday, April 16. His death was due to the breaking of the main belt of the saw mill. He was standing immediately behind the engine, and had been replenishing the fire. He had used iron poker and had placed to his right hand. At that instant the band parted and in jerking back, caught the poker in its folds and struck him in the forehead, crushing the skull and causing instant death.

The victim was a man of about thirty years and unmarried. He was an expert engineer and had been in the sawmill business for a long time. In person he was of very striking appearance, being a large, well made man, weighing about 250 pounds.

The mill he was on working belonged to Shirkey & Wright and located at the foot of Spring Creek Mountain, on Charles Bright's land and sawing Abraham Beard's timber.

This accident calls to mind a similar occurrence in the same mill about two weeks ago. At that time the same belt broke and caught a double-bitted axe in the hands of a mill hand named Copenhaver and whirling it in the same manner cut the skin of Copenhaver's throat, while the handle of the axe broke his fore finger.

An Old Gun.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

G. W. Ginger, Esq., of Huntersville, has in his possession a shotgun that was brought from Germany by his great-grandfather. At his death it became the property of George's grandfather, who lived in Rockbridge County, Va., and, doubtless, the gun has helped to rid that county of the numerous bears and wolves of those days. Then it descended to George's father, who was killed during the war. When George was a small boy he had a great anxiety to go hunting, so his mother gave him the old shotgun, and he started out for a hunt. He had not gone far when he spied a squirrel on a tree, and taking aim, fired, and down fell the squirrel. He picked it up and ran home to his grandmother, showing his game, and had forgotten his old shotgun in the woods.

The gun is still in good shooting order. H. M.

A Recommend.

In an old "deed poll" made in 1795 for a tract of land now embraced in Pocahontas County the parties contract by what they call a "recommend," which seems to have been the report of the prospector, agent, and surveyor. The parties seem to have both lived in Pennsylvania, and this prospector, "one Daniel McCau," had penetrated to this county and reported in his "recommendation" as follows on this tract. The county was then a part of Harrison County.

"This or parcel of Land Lays Situate in the County of Harrison on the Weathers of William's River, Containing one thousand acres and is Land of ye first rait and quality and is Well Watered and Well Timbered. The right of said land is good it being Warranted in year eighty-two by Benjamin Copeland. Is verrey clear of Stone and as for timber consists of Walnut and Buckeye and the underfoot Brush is chiefly Spicewood and this is the true character of said land as witness my hand this 8th day of October, 1795.

No. 5th. DANIEL MCCAU."

The ink on this old scrap of paper is as clear and readable as when it was first written.

Any information concerning the said Daniel McCau will be of interest to the history department of this paper.

Mrs. FRANCIS MCCOY, who is at the Marlinton Infirmary, undergoing a critical surgical operation, is doing very well, indeed. There is much reason for hoping that her convalescence will be rapid and satisfactory. This will afford her numerous friends throughout the county much pleasure to hear, Mrs. McCoy is held in highest esteem by her friends and acquaintances, as a very worthy person, and wide spread interest is felt in her recovery.

LITTLE LEVELS.

Our vicinity was visited by some cattle buyers last week and we understand S. H. Clark and L. M. Beard sold at rather good prices. We hope to hear of all of our cattle men making good sales.

Our people were well represented at James Renick's sale Tuesday and some good stock came this way.

Mr. Alvin Clark made a business trip to Frankford last week.

John Pickering, of Falling Spring, spent a few days in our midst last week.

Charles Gilliam and son were the guests of W. W. Beard for several days last week.

G. R. Curry was down to Lewisburg last week attending to his business.

Andrew Price and wife spent Sunday in the Levels.

Miss Lillie Curry was visiting relatives here last week.

Miss Susie Simmons has located at Hillsboro.

J. H. Maxen, traveling agent for the McCormick H. M. Co., passed thro the Levels on his way to Lewisburg, Saturday. He reports 50 sales so far in Pocahontas County.

Mrs. R. W. Hill and her two sons, Anthony and David left Friday to visit friends and relatives in Greenbrier County.

Some of our people want to know why Willis Baxter goes to Huntersville so often. We suppose it is to meet the "Lodge."

Ed Jackson was in our town last Sunday and Monday.

BUMBLEBEE.

YELK.

Easter is over and quite a number of eggs have been broken.

Very few farmers are done sowing oats owing to the wet weather.

Miss Ettie Moore, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. John Gibson, has gone home.

Constable A. P. Gray was in this part Saturday.

Walter Mann has brought his cattle to William Gibson's to be grazed this summer.

Will Varner has completed a very nice dairy at the cold spring near his home.

John Hull has been in this part for some time and has done several small jobs of work.

Jim Gibson had a big log rolling, but the most enjoyable part was two fine turkeys prepared for the occasion with a great many other good things. Several ladies assisted Mrs. Gibson, but they all kissed the almanac that they would not tell who made the kettle of dumplings.

Floyd Ware has moved to Jake Gibson's farm for one year. Jake says one year is long enough to rent a time, for a body don't know when some girl might say "y-e-s!"

There has been more clearing done on Elk this winter than has been done in several years.

Amos Doyle says he is not discouraged.

Charley McCoy has returned from somewhere. GUESS.

Big Bargains at Pullin's.

Calicoes, 4 1-2c.
Gingham 7c.
Outing, 6 1-2c.
India Linen, 8c.
Linen, 9c.
Cheese Cloth, 4c.
Pants Goods, 18c.
Linen Table Covers, 35c.
Men's Suits, from \$2.80 up.
Boys' Suits, from \$1.09 up.
Men's Pants, 48c.
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MINGO 2, MARLINTON 2.

The Mingo Football Game an Experience Not Soon to be Forgotten.—Declared a Draw.

Tuesday morning, December 22, a strong team of football players started from Marlinton, with every prospect for fine weather, to play the return game of the series with Mingo. About noon, however, it came on to snow, and some of the more faint-hearted were for turning back forthwith; but the majority declared that having put the hand to the plow, and advanced so far on their journey, they would see the thing through.

Arrived at Mingo, the team was housed at the hospitable home of Mr. Arthur Lawson, who spared no pains to entertain his guests.

The next day the weather showed no abatement, but it was decided that the game should go on. It was thought questionable whether the spectators would be sufficient to supply the usual quota of officials, referee, linesmen, etc., but the natives showed their mettle by turning out to the number of fifty at least. One lady watched the game from start to finish.

Marlinton won the toss, and elected to defend the west goal. The wind was blowing almost directly across the field. The ball was quickly carried into Mingo territory, and kept there some time. It looked as tho Marlinton would have little difficulty in scoring.

Marlinton sent in a ball, which was stopped by Lawson, but he was charged and fell with the ball in his hands, the visitors claiming a goal. However, nearly all the players of both teams rushed at him and engaged in a regular fight. Finally "scurrying" over Lawson, who on his hands and knees was rapidly crawling with the ball toward the centre of the field. Play went on without any penalty being allowed for violation of rule by the Marlinton player, nor was the goal allowed. The ball was passed in and Price had a lucky try for goal.

Then the play sought the other end, and Miles equalized with a goal for Mingo. Wilson was fouled at a time when a goal for Marlinton seemed a foregone conclusion, but no notice whatever was taken of it by the referee. A kick-out by Mingo was blocked by Price, the ball bounding thro the goal, and half-time was called with the score standing 2-1 in the visitors' favor.

In the second half the play was all over the field. E. Hebden scored the nearest goal of the game by a low, swift shot, tying the score.

The game was marred by an unfortunate dispute or two, caused by the bad state of the ground and the consequent looseness of the play.

Marlinton.—P. Yeager (goal); W. Yeager, J. Yeager (back); Bird Slavin, McLaughlin (h. b.), J. H. G. Wilson, L. Yeager, Anderson, Simmons, Price (forwards.)

Mingo.—Lawson (goal), Lindsay, J. Hebden (back), R. Tukey, Dakers, M. Gatewood (h. b.), E. Hebden, Miles, Earnshaw, Grews, Ramsey (forwards.)

Jack Forster, referee; linesmen, Edwin Hall and Guy Marshall.

Lindsay played a fine game at back, and Lawson guarded Mingo's goal with great coolness. L. A. Yeager, back at his old place in the forward line, after a brilliant season at the University, made many a good run-up. Slavin, at half, earned much praise for his sure kicking.

Going down Elk the Marlinton crowd was greeted with derision, the school-children enroute cheering Mingo to the echo. The "Iron-clads" were engaging in a little practice game on Hugh Sharp's land. Their yells could be heard long before they were seen, while their forms, dimly discerned thro the thickly-falling snow, looked like those of giants, indeed.

The expedition returned to Marlinton on Thursday, there being many points of resemblance to the return of an Arctic exploring party. Each member was restored safe and sound to the bosom of his anxious family. It is reported that one or two have "swore off" playing football.

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 3, 1893. The paper is filled with matter of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to their sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Some weeks since a fallen soldier's letter was published in this paper. It is our pleasure now to lay before the reader a war-letter written nearly thirty-four years ago, whose author still lives. He is now Adjutant Pocahontas Camp of Confederate Veterans.

CAMP NEAR MADISON C. H.,
July 30th, 1863.

Dear Sister Nancy Jane,—I take the present opportunity this morning to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present, hoping that these few lines may reach you in good health when they come to hand. I have not much to write at this time. I am in camp to day near Madison Court House. We just came here last night, but we don't know how long we will stay here. I have had a hard time of marching ever since I left home. I have had but a few days rest. I was guarding a mill over in the Valley and have been in two battles,—the battle of Winchester, Va., and the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and have come out safe. I did not get hurt. The tin-cup that was in my haversack was hit by a musket-ball. There were three wounded in my company. Two of my mess were wounded—James Akers and William—and were left in the hands of the enemy. I had the hardest time when we had to fall back from Pennsylvania that I have had since the war.

I was in twenty miles of Harrisburg, the capitol of the State. It is a very fine country over there, and I have never seen such country for wheat as that is. We could get plenty to eat when I was over there. They were very clever people in Maryland and a good many secessionists there. We had to wade the Potomac River, and it was up to our arms, and the army had to cross it in the night. I crossed about daylight in the morning. We had traveled all the night before, and had been on skirmish forty-eight hours before, and that was why we had no rest. The 25th Regiment is skirmisher for

the battle of Gettysburg. I shot forty-eight rounds. We started into the fight about sun-down and fought until about 10 o'clock that night, and then we were out of ammunition. It was a very hard place to fight the Yankees, they were strong and fortified on the mountain. Gen. Johnson, that was on the Allegheny, was with us in the charge and he got his horse shot and killed under him. But we got safe back to Virginia and I was glad of that. We have come across the Blue Ridge again. Imboden's Brigade is still in the Valley. I heard from Musto Corbett yesterday and he was well. His company was in a fight over in Maryland and his Captain and thirty of his men were taken prisoners and Brison Moore that was from Pocahontas was killed. He was a good soldier and I hated to hear of his death.

We had some killed and wounded out of the 25th Regiment, the 31st Regiment lost but few men. I wish I could get back to Imboden again. We have very hard times in this big army for something to eat. We do n't get more than half enough, and we all are out of money and means to buy any with. We have no tents, we have to take the weather as it comes. The army is in a bad condition, heap of them are barefooted. I am just about that, and have but one pair of socks and they are full of holes, so you can send me a pair if you have any. Tell Bob to write to me. I would write to him now but I have a bad place to write and I am tired and broken down marching. I would like to be out there now to get some good apples to eat and get some berry pies. I got a letter from home, and it said that E. M. Ware was dead. I was sorry to hear of his death, I did n't think he would get over it when I was there. This letter is as much to mother as it is to you. You must read it to her. But if you have time answer it as soon as it comes to hand and let me hear from you all at home. I have gotten a letter from Pocahontas, and you can never write to me. Direct Co. I, 25 Va. Regiment, Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, and it will come to me, so there is nothing more at present.

H. P. McGLAUGHLIN.

"Doctors say a man is weakest when he gets out of bed in the morning."

"That's not so. If he was n't as strong as a lion he would n't be able to crawl out."—Kansas City World.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Some weeks since a fallen soldier's letter was published in this paper. It is our pleasure now to lay before the reader a war-letter written nearly thirty-four years ago, whose author still lives. He is now Adjutant Pocahontas Camp of Confederate Veterans.

CAMP NEAR MADISON C. H.,
July 30th, 1863.

Dear Sister Nancy Jane,—I take the present opportunity this morning to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present, hoping that these few lines may reach you in good health when they come to hand. I have not much to write at this time. I am in camp to day near Madison Court House. We just came here last night, but we don't know how long we will stay here. I have had a hard time of marching ever since I left home. I have had but a few days rest. I was guarding a mill over in the Valley and have been in two battles,—the battle of Winchester, Va., and the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and have come out safe. I did not get hurt. The tin-cup that was in my haversack was hit by a musket-ball. There were three wounded in my company. Two of my mess were wounded—James Akers and William—and were left in the hands of the enemy. I had the hardest time when we had to fall back from Pennsylvania that I have had since the war.

I was in twenty miles of Harrisburg, the capitol of the State. It is a very fine country over there, and I have never seen such country for wheat as that is. We could get plenty to eat when I was over there. They were very clever people in Maryland and a good many secessionists there. We had to wade the Potomac River, and it was up to our arms, and the army had to cross it in the night. I crossed about daylight in the morning. We had traveled all the night before, and had been on skirmish forty-eight hours before, and that was why we had no rest. The 25th Regiment is skirmisher for

the battle of Gettysburg. I shot forty-eight rounds. We started into the fight about sun-down and fought until about 10 o'clock that night, and then we were out of ammunition. It was a very hard place to fight the Yankees, they were strong and fortified on the mountain. Gen. Johnson, that was on the Allegheny, was with us in the charge and he got his horse shot and killed under him. But we got safe back to Virginia and I was glad of that. We have come across the Blue Ridge again. Imboden's Brigade is still in the Valley. I heard from Musto Corbett yesterday and he was well. His company was in a fight over in Maryland and his Captain and thirty of his men were taken prisoners and Brison Moore that was from Pocahontas was killed. He was a good soldier and I hated to hear of his death.

We had some killed and wounded out of the 25th Regiment, the 31st Regiment lost but few men. I wish I could get back to Imboden again. We have very hard times in this big army for something to eat. We do n't get more than half enough, and we all are out of money and means to buy any with. We have no tents, we have to take the weather as it comes. The army is in a bad condition, heap of them are barefooted. I am just about that, and have but one pair of socks and they are full of holes, so you can send me a pair if you have any. Tell Bob to write to me. I would write to him now but I have a bad place to write and I am tired and broken down marching. I would like to be out there now to get some good apples to eat and get some berry pies. I got a letter from home, and it said that E. M. Ware was dead. I was sorry to hear of his death, I did n't think he would get over it when I was there. This letter is as much to mother as it is to you. You must read it to her. But if you have time answer it as soon as it comes to hand and let me hear from you all at home. I have gotten a letter from Pocahontas, and you can never write to me. Direct Co. I, 25 Va. Regiment, Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, and it will come to me, so there is nothing more at present.

H. P. McGLAUGHLIN.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.



THE first cottage prayer-meeting the writer remembers was at the home of Robert Duffield, near Edray, West Virginia. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been held there. No one had yet arrived when they reached the place. Upon entering the porch, voices were heard within as if parties were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Robert Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good, how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable resumed, and then prayed, after reading: "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Then again the same one observed, "Oh, how good to hear that our Jesus gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Savior who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if all the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people, and nobody else, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened, we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer-meeting was a spirited one.

Robert Duffield is believed to have come from the lower Valley, during the Revolution or soon after, and at the time referred to was living on the farm now occupied by Newton Duffield. The venerable Mrs Duffield was Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, the well-known pioneer, and ancestor of so many of our worthy citizens of the Moore relationship. From Mrs Catherine Kellison, on the Dry Branch of Swago, we gathered the following particulars: Andrew Duffield was the eldest son of Robert Duffield's family. He married Jane Moore, daughter of Robert Moore, Senior, late of Edray. In reference to Andrew Duffield's family we learn that Robert M. Duffield lives in Jackson County, West Virginia. William Duffield, a Union soldier, died during the war at the home of Jacob Waugh, in Barbour County. Andrew Duffield, Junior, died of fever at the age of sixteen years. Rebecca Jane Duffield is now deceased. Eliza Duffield became the wife of Captain Walton Allen, of Clover Creek, who was a well known Union scout in the late war between the States. Catherine Duffield was married to Clark Kellison, near Buckeye, a Union soldier under Sheridan. He was also on detached service on the western plains after the war in the U. S. Cavalry. He received his discharge just in time to escape the Custer massacre.

John Duffield, son of Robert Duffield, the pioneer, married Rebecca Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior, whose residence was where I. Wesley Irvine now lives. Mr Irvine is a grandson of John Sharp. Mr Duffield settled on the Mill property now in possession of S. D. Waugh, but in his last years lived on the farm where his father, Robert, had lived and died. John Duffield's sons were Hamilton, Wesley, Newton, who lives on the old homestead; Emory and McKendree in the West.

Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily

sewing just inside the door, not six feet away. Wondering what was keeping Andrew so quiet she turned to the door and found him dead,—strangled by the crupper of her saddle. The shock was such that she never fully recovered from the effects, tho she lived for more than fifty years afterwards.

Sarah Jane Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore, near Edray.

Nancy Ellen Duffield was married to the late Marcellus Ratliff, and now lives on a portion of the old homestead near Edray.

William Duffield, son of Robert and Hannah Duffield, married Margaret Brock, daughter of Thomas Brock. He settled near the Sulphur Spring, now known as the Warwick Spring. The property is at present occupied by William Gay, whose wife, Mrs Martha Gay, is a daughter of William Duffield. Mr Gay was a Union soldier, and had remarkable adventures while escaping from the army below Richmond and making his way with five or six others thro East Virginia, the Valley, the mountains of Bath and Pocahontas back to Stony Creek.

Caroline Duffield, a daughter of William Duffield, was married to George Aldridge, son of the late John Aldridge, head of Laurel Run. They are living in Iowa,—having the comforts of a prosperous home.

Hannah Duffield was married to David Cochran, and lives at the end of Drooping Mountain. She has two daughters living on Cummings Creek near Huntersville. Agnes, who is Mrs Willis McComb; and Ida, who is Mrs Henry McComb.

One of William Duffield's daughters died in early youth of what was called the "cold plague," but judging from reported symptoms it would be called now "congestive chills."

This hard-working man, William Duffield, finally met his death by a tree falling upon him, which he was chopping for browse. The snow was quite deep, and when the family became uneasy that he did not come to dinner, Rebecca, the eldest of the family, just about grown, went to see what was the reason. She found him dead under the tree, buried in the snow. She told what had happened, and other members of the family hastened to the neighboring homes for assistance. Rebecca went back and chopped the large tree in two, had the log rolled away before any one had time to get there, and was holding her poor dead father's head in her arms. Rebecca now resides in Kansas, and is reported to be living in very comfortable circumstances.

Mary Duffield became the wife of Alexander Moore, and went to the West.

The writer cherishes very tender recollections of John Duffield, the honest and faithful miller, whom he met so frequently at mill when a mere youth. A few months before the venerable man's death, we met after a separation of more than thirty years. It was at a sacramental service, and during the recess we met and conversed for some time. He feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet once more in this life, and that he had gotten some new and encouraging ideas that day which he would not have missed for anything in his old age. They were suggested by the text: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Briefly expressed, the ideas he referred to were these: From God's gifts to form a plea, and ask Him still for more, and the best way to please him is to value and rightly appreciate his benefits and desire them more and more in humble, grateful prayer. As nothing pleases a father more than to see that his children are truly grateful for what he has to give them, so it is with God—the best of all the fathers. "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

From what I can learn, this was about the last time my venerable

friend, over eighty years of age, ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation. I cherish with peculiar feelings his last words to me "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

W. T. P.

Blennerhesset P. S. A.

From The Cumberland (Eng.) Times.

There was a very crowded company on Sunday, the attendance reaching high water mark. Mr Arthur Lawson gave the address. He was pleased to be with you, altho when he gave the address there were some of making him a person and he thought that would hardly do. But he thought these P. S. A. meetings were good institutions, and he was pleased to do what he could to further their interest. He wished to speak to them on the subject of travel. He thought there were few things more instructive, or that contributed more to one's pleasure, than travel. He remembered that when at school he got more than one rap over the knuckles because he could not tell the exact whereabouts of some place of outlandish nomenclature; and he resolved, if he might be so privileged, to travel and see both where and what these places were. But if we were

TO MAKE THE MOST OF TRAVEL

there were certain things it were well for us to note. One was to be observant. It was a great gift when a man had a seeing eye. It was very astonishing how much some travelers saw; and it was still more astonishing how little was seen by others. It were well to cultivate the faculty of seeing; and next to that, and this was another thing to note, the faculty of discrimination. Abroad, as at home, things were not always what they seem; and to be able to discriminate, and then store it to the memory what was worthy only of real notice, was a great gift, and a gift should be cultivated. It had been his privilege, some time ago now, to travel on the continent of Europe and in the East. But he thought they might be most interested in what he might tell them about the Holy Land and Egypt. Mr Lawson dwelt at some length on these two countries, giving descriptions of the different places visited, and of the life and manners of the people. He next of Constantinople, and considered that

THE TURKS

were innately cruel: when they would stand gloating and grinning over the death pangs of a dog in the street, as he had seen them, it was not to be wondered at that they were so callous of human life. He also spoke of the Crimea; and he could not but remember as he stood on the spot of the charge of the Light Brigade that when, after the disaster, the general was sorrowfully explaining to the men the blunder that had been made, then replied "My lord, we are ready to go again if need be." That showed of what stuff the men of Britain were made—ready to dare any thing in obedience to the call of duty. They visited Moscow at the time of a great religious festival, when nearly every other man one met was a priest. He should say that the Russian peasantry were a very religious class of people; but

GRIEVOUS BURDENS

under which they suffered cried aloud for reform. He should like to tell them something of America, where he had spent the last few years, but his time was gone. This much only he would say—that the men were marvellously go-ahead people, and that the American ladies were exceedingly fine. But after all there was no place like home, and no place like canny Cumberland. The people of these realms had reason to be proud of their country, and it should be for every one of us to do our best to make and keep our country both prosperous and great.—The address was listened to with much interest. —Miss Thomson, Aspatia, accompanied by Miss Graves, sang with much skill and pathos the two solos, "Daddy," and "He wipes the tears from every eye." Miss F. Husbands presided at the piano, and the Rev J. Potts conducted the meeting.

[NOTE: P. S. A. means Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.—Ed.]

THE Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L. N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years and longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of its kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it.' It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by druggists."

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MARRIED—In Mingo County, W. Va., Aaron Hatfield, Nephew of 'Cap' Hatfield, to Mary McCoy, Daughter of Rudolph McCoy.

A simple enough wedding notice that, but behind it and in it as a romantic tale of love and courtship as ever penned—a tale of a mountain maid's wooing; she a McCoy, her lover one of the famous Hatfields, and the two families, for years avowed enemies, sworn to kill at sight, to hunt each other like wild animals; defying the law and the law's officers; and for forty years waging the bloodiest feud in the history of the South.

For forty years the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta has waged, and in those forty years forty coffins, marked by head stones in the neighboring graveyards, tell of forty lives snuffed out by bullet and knife. Its origin was trivial. Way back in 56 when West Virginia was a new country, many parts of it unexplored and unsettled, two razor-back hogs strayed from the farm of Anse Hatfield. Where they went was the bone of the contention. Hatfield claimed that they had wandered to the premises of Rudolph McCoy and were being kept there. This McCoy denied, and the matter finally came up in the shape of a suit for the recovery in the justice court. The case was decided for Hatfield.

During the trial hot words were passed and open hostilities were narrowly averted on several occasions. The relatives and friends of the two litigants crowded the rustic court room, all armed and ready to take an active part if the impending battle broke out. But it was avoided, and nothing more than threats from the leaders of the McCoy faction occurred to give alarm. Thus the feud started, and for forty years it kept the country side in a state of excitement.

The McCoy's made good their threats. One morning the body of Bill Stayton, a grand son of the plaintiff in the hog case, was found lying dead with a bullet hole in his head. Two of the numerous McCoy boys were arrested for the murder, but were acquitted at the trial. At this juncture the outbreaking of the civil war played a part. The deadly enemies now and sworn to kill members of the opposing faction at sight, they united in their country's defense, and for four years the war lasted a truce was declared.

With the surrender of the Confederate forces came the renewal of the feudal hostilities. Old "Cap" Hatfield, the patriarch of the family, assumed the leadership. Once Hatfield soon after abducted Rosana McCoy, and refused to right by marriage the wrong he had done her. For this he was arrested, but a daring rescue by the Hatfields prevented his trial for the charge. From this on to 1882 matters went along rather smoothly. Whenever members of the factions would meet there was sure to be an exchange of shots, but, strange to say, no one was killed outright, the two of the McCoy's died afterwards from wounds received in one of their battles.

But on election day of 1882 marked the beginning of a series of fights, each of which claimed one or more victims. A relative of both of the families was running for office, and the members of the two factions agreed to suspend their differences and work for their kinsman's election. But before the day was over Talbot McCoy and Elias Hatfield became involved in a fight. At first it was merely fistcuffs, McCoy threw his opponent, and was punning him severely when Deacon Ellison Hatfield and his brother appeared on the scene, and several of the McCoy gang had gathered around their representative, ready to take a hand in the fight when the time came. Talbot McCoy and the deacon advanced on each other with open knives, and when in reach the slashing began. Hatfield's knife closed on his hands, and throwing it away, he used his fists, while McCoy wielded his weapon with telling effect. The fight became general, and when it was over, though no one was killed several of the participants were carried away with injuries that afterward proved fatal. Ellison Hatfield died the following Wednesday. He had been cut twenty-seven times besides being shot. Three of the McCoy's were arrested—Talbot, Randolph and Farmer.

The night of the fight the Hatfield clan gathered to gether seventy members, and, waylaying the deputy sheriff, who was taking the prisoners to the Pike county jail, captured the three McCoy's. They were taken across the river to the West Virginia side, and there held to await the outcome of Deacon Ellison's injuries. When news came of death, the imprisoned McCoy's were notified that they were to die. The following morning they were taken back to the Kentucky side and, after being bound, were forced to a kneeling position on the river's brink.

At the word of command a dozen rifle shots barked in the crisp air, and Talbot and Farmer McCoy fell over dead. The thirteen year old boy, Randolph McCoy, had been a witness to the killing, and it was decided to kill him also. One of the

party was sent back to do the work and two barrels from his shot gun riddled the boy's body.

The next move of the Hatfields was to try and kill Randolph McCoy, the head of the family. Two desperadoes of the clan waited in ambush one night near a road over which he would have travel. Fortunately the intend victim, a brother, Calvin McCoy, passed the concealed assassins before the man they had marked. In the darkness they mistook their man and fired at Calvin. He was not killed outright, but was maimed for life. Soon after this a Hatfield raid was betrayed to the McCoy's, and they escaped. The wife and mother-in-law of Bill Daniels, one of the Hatfield faction, were suspected of betraying the secret. For revenge "Cap" Hatfield and Tom Wallace went to Daniel's house one night, and, covering him with a shot gun, gave both of the women a fearful beating. The wife died from her injuries, and her mother had several ribs bones broken by the force of the blows.

Jeff McCoy was the next to go. He was a brother of Daniel's wife and was looking for Tom Wallace. "Bad Anse" Hatfield agreed to assist him in his search, but instead enticed him into an ambush, where he was killed.

In 1885 the Governor of Kentucky put a price on the head of Anse Hatfield and his brother, "Cap," and called upon the Governor of West Virginia for their requisition. This was at first denied, but in 1887 the officials of both States united in an effort to suppress this bloody feud. The McCoy's had suffered so much that their spirit for revenge rarely showed, but they eagerly grasped at the proposition that they join the officers in search of the Hatfield leaders. Three of gang were captured, and subsequently sent to the State prison.

The zeal of the McCoy's in joining the officers aroused the ire of their enemies, and a raid was planned for New Year's night of 1888.

Nine of the Hatfields, led by Uncle Jim Vance, attacked the house of old Randolph McCoy. Two girls were in one end of the house, and one, Allaphare McCoy opened the door when the gang demanded admission. She was immediately shot and killed by Ellison Mounts, at the command of Vance. Mrs McCoy started from the door to go to her dead daughter, when Jim Vance broke two of her ribs with the butt of his gun, and stunned her with a blow from his pistol. Calvin McCoy was killed in the exchange of shots, and the old man was wounded.

Strange as it may seem, the Hatfields repudiated the killing of the McCoy girls. With their characteristic brutality toward women, it is hard to say what prompted it, but they delivered Ellison Mounts who fired the shot, into the officers' hands, and on their testimony he was convicted and hanged.

From that time the feud, while it has been kept up, has not been as exciting as in former days. Now and then a Hatfield and McCoy exchange shots, but the last man killed met his fate two years ago. The persistent pursuit of the Hatfields by the deputies drove them into the mountain fastnesses, and made the warfare before used impossible.

And now comes the reconciliation—the end of it all. Aaron Hatfield, a nephew of old "Cap" Hatfield, met and loved pretty Mary McCoy, daughter of the head of the family, Rudolph McCoy. Primitive in their habits, these mountain lovers knew nothing of what the social world terms conventionality in courtship. There was no one to say that they should do this or do that. They only knew that they loved each other, that it was the lasting, enduring love of years, and they were happy. The rugged barren hillsides were their trysting places; there they met alone, and their secret was shared with none save one. And he was the trusted friend, who saw to it that neither family knew that of what was transpiring until the time for the announcement was deemed ripe.

For there was danger should the secret be known prematurely. The fires of the feud, the smouldering, were by no means out. One day Aaron told Mary that his brother would go to see her father the following day. The lovers met at the house of the friend. All day they waited to hear what the result had been. Mary at the window saw the stalwart form of her lover's brother approach the house. "It's all right," he said. And then came the joyful news that the wedding would end forever the forty-year feud.—New York Journal.

LISTEN.—We want every man, woman, or boy that owes us a dollar, dime, or cent to come in and settle. We cannot carry your accounts over to 1897. Settlement must be made in December, 1896. We will look for and expect you. Thanking you for past favors, we are, respectfully,

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.



THE first cottage prayer-meeting the writer remembers was at the home of Robert Duffield, near Edray, West Virginia. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been held there. No one had yet arrived when they reached the place. Upon entering the porch, voices were heard within as if parties were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Robert Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Matthew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good, how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable resumed, and then prayed, after reading: "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Then again the same one observed, "Oh, how good to hear that our Jesus gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Savior who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if all the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people, and nobody else, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened, we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer-meeting was a spirited one.

Robert Duffield is believed to have come from the lower Valley, during the Revolution or soon after, and at the time referred to was living on the farm now occupied by Newton Duffield. The venerable Mrs Duffield was Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, the well-known pioneer, and ancestor of so many of our worthy citizens of the Moore relationship.

From Mrs Catherine Kellison, on the Dry Branch of Swago, we gathered the following particulars:

Andrew Duffield was the eldest son of Robert Duffield's family. He married Jane Moore, daughter of Robert Moore, Senior, late of Edray. In reference to Andrew Duffield's family we learn that Robert M. Duffield lives in Jackson County, West Virginia. William Duffield, a Union soldier, died during the war at the home of Jacob Waugh, in Barbour County. Andrew Duffield, Junior, died of fever at the age of sixteen years. Rebecca Jane Duffield is now deceased. Eliza Duffield became the wife of Captain Walton Allen, of Clover Creek, who was a well known Union scout in the late war between the States. Catherine Duffield was married to Clark Kellison, near Buckeye, a Union soldier under Sheridan. He was also on detached service on the western plains after the war in the U. S. Cavalry. He received his discharge just in time to escape the Custer massacre.

John Duffield, son of Robert Duffield, the pioneer, married Rebecca Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior, whose residence was where I. Wesley Irvine now lives. Mr Irvine is a grandson of John Sharp. Mr Duffield settled on the Mill property now in possession of S. D. Waugh, but in his last years lived on the farm where his father, Robert, had lived and died. John Duffield's sons were Hamilton, Wesley, Newton, who lives on the old homestead; Emory and McKendree in the West.

Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily

sewing just inside the door, not six feet away. Wondering what was keeping Andrew so quiet she turned to the door and found him dead,—strangled by the crupper of her saddle. The shock was such that she never fully recovered from the effects, tho she lived for more than fifty years afterwards.

Sarah Jane Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore, near Edray.

Nancy Ellen Duffield was married to the late Marcellus Ratliff, and now lives on a portion of the old homestead near Edray.

William Duffield, son of Robert and Hannah Duffield, married Margaret Brock, daughter of Thomas Brock. He settled near the Sulphur Spring, now known as the Warwick Spring. The property is at present occupied by William Gay, whose wife, Mrs Martha Gay, is a daughter of William Duffield. Mr Gay was a Union soldier, and had remarkable adventures while escaping from the army below Richmond and making his way with five or six others thro East Virginia, the Valley, the mountains of Bath and Pocahontas back to Stony Creek.

Caroline Duffield, a daughter of William Duffield, was married to George Aldridge, son of the late John Aldridge, head of Laurel Run. They are living in Iowa,—having the comforts of a prosperous home.

Hannah Duffield was married to David Cochran, and lives at the end of Drooping Mountain. She has two daughters living on Cummings Creek near Huntersville. Agnes, who is Mrs Willis McComb; and Ida, who is Mrs Henry McComb.

One of William Duffield's daughters died in early youth of what was called the "cold plague," but judging from reported symptoms it would be called now "congestive chills."

This hard-working man, William Duffield, finally met his death by a tree falling upon him, which he was chopping for browse. The snow was quite deep, and when the family became uneasy that he did not come to dinner, Rebecca, the eldest of the family, just about grown, went to see what was the reason. She found him dead under the tree, buried in the snow. She told what had happened, and other members of the family hastened to the neighboring homes for assistance. Rebecca went back and chopped the large tree in two, had the log rolled away before any one had time to get there, and was holding her poor dead father's head in her arms. Rebecca now resides in Kansas, and is reported to be living in very comfortable circumstances.

Mary Duffield became the wife of Alexander Moore, and went to the West.

The writer cherishes very tender recollections of John Duffield, the honest and faithful miller, whom he met so frequently at mill when a mere youth. A few months before the venerable man's death, we met after a separation of more than thirty years. It was at a sacramental service, and during the recess we met and conversed for some time. He feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet once more in this life, and that he had gotten some new and encouraging ideas that day which he would not have missed for anything in his old age. They were suggested by the text: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Briefly expressed, the ideas he referred to were these: From God's gifts to form a plea, and ask Him still for more, and the best way to please him is to value and rightly appreciate his benefits and desire them more and more in humble, grateful prayer. As nothing pleases a father more than to see that his children are truly grateful for what he has to give them, so it is with God—the best of all the fathers. "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

From what I can learn, this was about the last time my venerable

friend, over eighty years of age, ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation. I cherish with peculiar feelings his last words to me "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

W. T. P.

Blennerhesset P. S. A.

From The Cumberland (Eng.) Times.

There was a very crowded company on Sunday, the attendance reaching high water mark. Mr Arthur Lawson gave the address. He was pleased to be with you, altho when he gave the address he was some distance from making him a person and he thought that would hardly do. But he thought these P. S. A. meetings were good institutions, and he was pleased to do what he could to further their interest. He wished to speak to them on the subject of travel. He thought there were few things more instructive, or that contributed more to one's pleasure, than travel. He remembered that when at school he got more than one rap over the knuckles because he could not tell the exact whereabouts of some place of outlandish nomenclature; and he resolved, if he might be so privileged, to travel and see both where and what these places were. But if we were

TO MAKE THE MOST OF TRAVEL

there were certain things it were well for us to note. One was to be observant. It was a great gift when a man had a seeing eye. It was very astonishing how much some travelers saw; and it was still more astonishing how little was seen by others. It were well to cultivate the faculty of seeing; and next to that, and this was another thing to note, the faculty of discrimination. Abroad, as at home, things were not always what they seem; and to be able to discriminate, and then store it to the memory what was worthy only of real notice, was a great gift, and a gift should be cultivated. It had been his privilege, some time ago now, to travel on the continent of Europe and in the East. But he thought they might be most interested in what he might tell them about the Holy Land and Egypt. Mr Lawson dwelt at some length on these two countries, giving descriptions of the different places visited, and of the life and manners of the people. He next of Constantinople, and considered that

THE TURKS

were innately cruel: when they would stand gloating and grinning over the death pangs of a dog in the street, as he had seen them, it was not to be wondered at that they were so callous of human life. He also spoke of the Crimea; and he could not but remember as he stood on the spot of the charge of the Light Brigade that when, after the disaster, the general was sorrowfully explaining to the men the blunder that had been made, then replied "My lord, we are ready to go again if need be." That showed of what stuff the men of Britain were made—ready to dare any thing in obedience to the call of duty. They visited Moscow at the time of a great religious festival, when nearly every other man one met was a priest. He should say that the Russian peasantry were a very religious class of people; but

GRIEVOUS BURDENS

under which they suffered cried aloud for reform. He should like to tell them something of America, where he had spent the last few years, but his time was gone. This much only he would say—that the men were marvellously go-ahead people, and that the American ladies were exceedingly fine. But after all there was no place like home, and no place like canny Cumberland. The people of these realms had reason to be proud of their country, and it should be for every one of us to do our best to make and keep our country both prosperous and great.—The address was listened to with much interest. —Miss Thomson, Aspatia, accompanied by Miss Graves, sang with much skill and pathos the two solos, "Daddy," and "He wipes the tears from every eye." Miss F. Husbands presided at the piano, and the Rev J. Potts conducted the meeting.

[Note: P. S. A. means Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.—Ed.]

THE Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L. N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years and longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of its kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it.' It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by druggists."

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MARRIED—In Mingo County, W. Va., Aaron Hatfield, Nephew of 'Cap' Hatfield, to Mary McCoy, Daughter of Rudolph McCoy.

A simple enough wedding notice that, but behind it and in it as a romantic tale of love and courtship as ever penned—a tale of a mountain maid's wooing; she a McCoy, her lover one of the famous Hatfields, and the two families, for years avowed enemies, sworn to kill at sight, to hunt each other like wild animals; defying the law and the law's officers; and for forty years waging the bloodiest feud in the history of the South.

For forty years the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta has waged, and in those forty years forty coffins, marked by head stones in the neighboring graveyards, tell of forty lives snuffed out by bullet and knife. Its origin was trivial. Way back in 56 when West Virginia was a new country, many parts of it unexplored and unsettled, two razor-back hogs strayed from the farm of Anse Hatfield. Where they went was the bone of the contention. Hatfield claimed that they had wandered to the premises of Rudolph McCoy and were being kept there. This McCoy denied, and the matter finally came up in the shape of a suit for the recovery in the justice court. The case was decided for Hatfield.

During the trial hot words were passed and open hostilities were narrowly averted on several occasions. The relatives and friends of the two litigants crowded the rustic court room, all armed and ready to take an active part if the impending battle broke out. But it was avoided, and nothing more than threats from the leaders of the McCoy faction occurred to give alarm. Thus the feud started, and for forty years it kept the country side in a state of excitement.

The McCoy's made good their threats. One morning the body of Bill Stayton, a grand son of the plaintiff in the hog case, was found lying dead with a bullet hole in his head. Two of the numerous McCoy boys were arrested for the murder, but were acquitted at the trial. At this juncture the outbreaking of the civil war played a part. The deadly enemies now and sworn to kill members of the opposing faction at sight, they united in their country's defense, and for four years the war lasted a truce was declared.

With the surrender of the Confederate forces came the renewal of the feudal hostilities. Old "Cap" Hatfield, the patriarch of the family, assumed the leadership. Once Hatfield soon after abducted Rosanna McCoy, and refused to right by marriage the wrong he had done her. For this he was arrested, but a daring rescue by the Hatfields prevented his trial for the charge. From this on to 1882 matters went along rather smoothly. Whenever members of the factions would meet there was sure to be an exchange of shots, but, strange to say, no one was killed outright, the two of the McCoy's died afterwards from wounds received in one of their battles.

But on election day of 1882 marked the beginning of a series of fights, each of which claimed one or more victims. A relative of both of the families was running for office, and the members of the two factions agreed to suspend their differences and work for their kinsman's election. But before the day was over Talbot McCoy and Elias Hatfield became involved in a fight. At first it was merely fistcuffs, McCoy threw his opponent, and was punnelling him severely when Deacon Ellison Hatfield and his brother appeared on the scene, and several of the McCoy gang had gathered around their representative, ready to take a hand in the fight when the time came. Talbot McCoy and the deacon advanced on each other with open knives, and when in reach the slashing began. Hatfield's knife closed on his hands, and throwing it away, he used his fists, while McCoy wielded his weapon with telling effect. The fight became general, and when it was over, though no one was killed several of the participants were carried away with injuries that afterward proved fatal. Ellison Hatfield died the following Wednesday. He had been cut twenty-seven times besides being shot. Three of the McCoy's were arrested—Talbot, Randolph and Farmer.

The night of the fight the Hatfield clan gathered to gether seventy members, and, waylaying the deputy sheriff, who was taking the prisoners to the Pike county jail, captured the three McCoy's. They were taken across the river to the West Virginia side, and there held to await the outcome of Deacon Ellison's injuries. When news came of death, the imprisoned McCoy's were notified that they were to die. The following morning they were taken back to the Kentucky side and, after being bound, were forced to a kneeling position on the river's brink.

At the word of command a dozen rifle shots barked in the crisp air, and Talbot and Farmer McCoy fell over dead. The thirteen year old boy, Randolph McCoy, had been a witness to the killing, and it was decided to kill him also. One of the

party was sent back to do the work and two barrels from his shot gun riddled the boy's body.

The next move of the Hatfields was to try and kill Randolph McCoy, the head of the family. Two desperadoes of the clan waited in ambush one night near a road over which he would have travel. Fortunately the intend victim, a brother, Calvin McCoy, passed the concealed assassins before the man they had marked. In the darkness they mistook their man and fired at Calvin. He was not killed outright, but was maimed for life. Soon after this a Hatfield raid was betrayed to the McCoy's, and they escaped. The wife and mother-in-law of Bill Daniels, one of the Hatfield faction, were suspected of betraying the secret. For revenge "Cap" Hatfield and Tom Wallace went to Daniel's house one night, and, covering him with a shot gun, gave both of the women a fearful beating. The wife died from her injuries, and her mother had several ribs bones broken by the force of the blows.

Jeff McCoy was the next to go. He was a brother of Daniel's wife and was looking for Tom Wallace. "Bad Anse" Hatfield agreed to assist him in his search, but instead enticed him into an ambush, where he was killed.

In 1885 the Governor of Kentucky put a price on the head of Anse Hatfield and his brother, "Cap," and called upon the Governor of West Virginia for their requisition. This was at first denied, but in 1887 the officials of both States united in an effort to suppress this bloody feud. The McCoy's had suffered so much that their spirit for revenge rarely showed, but they eagerly grasped at the proposition that they join the officers in search of the Hatfield leaders. Three of gang were captured, and subsequently sent to the State prison.

The zeal of the McCoy's in joining the officers aroused the ire of their enemies, and a raid was planned for New Year's night of 1888.

Nine of the Hatfields, led by Uncle Jim Vance, attacked the house of old Randolph McCoy. Two girls were in one end of the house, and one, Allaphare McCoy opened the door when the gang demanded admission. She was immediately shot and killed by Ellison Mounts, at the command of Vance. Mrs McCoy started from the door to go to her dead daughter, when Jim Vance broke two of her ribs with the butt of his gun, and stunned her with a blow from his pistol. Calvin McCoy was killed in the exchange of shots, and the old man was wounded.

Strange as it may seem, the Hatfields repudiated the killing of the McCoy girls. With their characteristic brutality toward women, it is hard to say what prompted it, but they delivered Ellison Mounts who fired the shot, into the officers' hands, and on their testimony he was convicted and hanged.

From that time the feud, while it has been kept up, has not been as exciting as in former days. Now and then a Hatfield and McCoy exchange shots, but the last man killed met his fate two years ago. The persistent pursuit of the Hatfields by the deputies drove them into the mountain fastnesses, and made the warfare before used impossible.

And now comes the reconciliation—the end of it all. Aaron Hatfield, a nephew of old "Cap" Hatfield, met and loved pretty Mary McCoy, daughter of the head of the family, Rudolph McCoy. Primitive in their habits, these mountain lovers knew nothing of what the social world terms conventionality in courtship. There was no one to say that they should do this or do that. They only knew that they loved each other, that it was the lasting, enduring love of years, and they were happy. The rugged barren hillsides were their trysting places; there they met alone, and their secret was shared with none save one. And he was the trusted friend, who saw to it that neither family knew that of what was transpiring until the time for the announcement was deemed ripe.

For there was danger should the secret be known prematurely. The fires of the feud, the smouldering, were by no means out. One day Aaron told Mary that his brother would go to see her father the following day. The lovers met at the house of the friend. All day they waited to hear what the result had been. Mary at the window saw the stalwart form of her lover's brother approach the house. "It's all right," he said. And then came the joyful news that the wedding would end forever the forty-year feud.—New York Journal.

LISTEN.—We want every man, woman, or boy that owes us a dollar, dime, or cent to come in and settle. We cannot carry your accounts over to 1897. Settlement must be made in December, 1896. We will look for and expect you. Thanking you for past favors, we are, respectfully,

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Dorr Tells a Story.

Congressman Dorr, of West Virginia, has been heard from as a story teller. He was asked by Gov. Sayers, of Texas, a few days ago, what condition the Republican party of West Virginia was in, and here is what he said:

"Down near the little town of Owingsville, Bath county, Kentuc-ky, where I visited occasionally some years ago, there lived a man named Sam Hatton. Hatton and his family existed on a scrub ten acre farm, near Owingsville, which produced very fine dog fennel and elderberries, but nothing better. At least Hatton never got anything better out of it. As a consequence it was frequently the charity of a kindly disposed neighbors that kept him and his family from abso-lute want. Among the contribu-tions they received at intervals was hog jowls, which Preacher Matt McDaniel, a neighbor, sent over at hog killing time.

"Hatton had been a Union sold-ier, and for years had on file at the pension office an application for a pension. One day there was a commotion in the Hatton family. It was caused by the arrival from Washington of a bulky envelope, which contained a communication from the commissioner of pensions notifying Hatton that he had been granted a pension, beck pay for the present and a monthly stipend of \$8 per month for the future. When he came out his trance, Hatton went to Owingsville and proceed-ed to stock his larder in shape. A few days after he had received his pension money he met Preacher McDaniel.

" 'Mr Hatton,' said McDaniel, 'we have just finished hog killing over at my place, and in my smoke house are several fine hog jowls, which I hope you and your family will enjoy.'

" 'Thankee., Mr McDaniel,' said Hatton, chuckling, 'thankee pow-erful, sir. Time was when the Hat-ton's sot considibul store by sich trimmin's, but they're a-eatin' further back on the hog than the jowl, now.'

"And that," said Dorr, "is the way with the Republican party in West Virginia. It is done with the jowl end of the political hog."

Economy is Necessary.

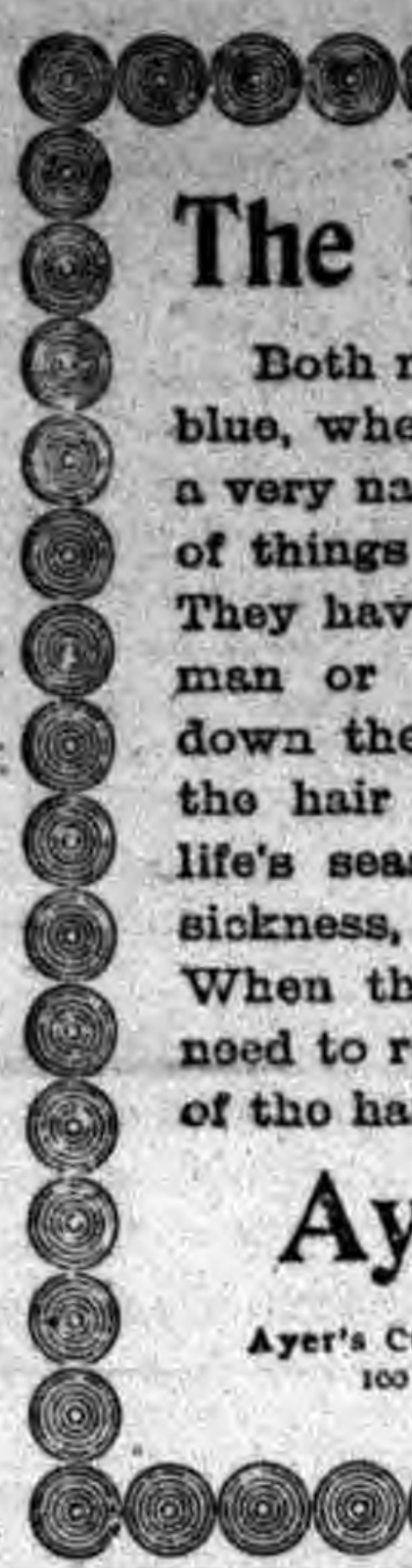
Tho we hear much in Washing-ton from statesmen urging the im-position of further burdens upon the people on the specious pre-tense that the government of the Republic needs more revenue, we hear no demands for rational econ-omy.

The United States is the most extravagantly expensive govern-ment on the face of the earth. No despotism exacts more tribute from its people than the republic. True it is free from the expense of a great standing army, but its expen-ditures on account of military and naval affairs, together with its enormous pension disbursements, are greater than the expenditure for military affairs in the German Empire, the greatest military pow-er in Europe.

The mere expense of conducting the government printing establish-ment, in which the expenditure is lavish and useless to the last de-gree, would go far toward support-ing many of the smaller European governments. Our statesmen at Washington have surrounded themselves with extraordinary lux-ury. At the cost of the people of the whole country they have made Washington the most delightful capital in the world. Aside from salaries larger than are paid to and legislator in the round world, they have voted themselves secretaries, stationary allowances, hot houses, and a congressional library (in which none of them is ever seen) larger and more exquisitely beau-tiful than any on earth.

Citizens of the republic are suf-fering as they never suffered be-fore. They are struggling for ex-istence. They are sending men to Washington in the expectation that they will consult their inter-ests, and, as far as lies within the proper functions of government, give them relief. It can be had only by an enlargement of the cur-rency and a reduction of taxation. But when the men sent as legisla-tors to Washington reach there they think not of relieving the bur-dens upon the people, but of add-ing to them upon the plea that more money is needed to meet the expenses of the government.

We want at Washington earnest and honest men who will labor se-riously to reduce the expenditures of the government, not endeavor to find new ways of extorting tribute. Taxed thro the custom houses, the people have not been presented di-rectly with tax bills and they have not seen clearly wherein they have suffered. If direct taxation had been leveled to support the gener-al government during the past few years of hardship and suffering there would have been a revolut-ion.—Charleston Gazette,



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Dorr Tells a Story.

Congressman Dorr, of West Virginia, has been heard from as a story teller. He was asked by Gov. Sayers, of Texas, a few days ago, what condition the Republican party of West Virginia was in, and here is what he said:

"Down near the little town of Owingsville, Bath county, Kentuc-ky, where I visited occasionally some years ago, there lived a man named Sam Hatton. Hatton and his family existed on a scrub ten acre farm, near Owingsville, which produced very fine dog fennel and elderberries, but nothing better. At least Hatton never got anything better out of it. As a consequence it was frequently the charity of a kindly disposed neighbors that kept him and his family from abso-lute want. Among the contribu-tions they received at intervals was hog jowls, which Preacher Matt McDaniel, a neighbor, sent over at hog killing time.

"Hatton had been a Union sold-ier, and for years had on file at the pension office an application for a pension. One day there was a commotion in the Hatton family. It was caused by the arrival from Washington of a bulky envelope, which contained a communication from the commissioner of pensions notifying Hatton that he had been granted a pension, beck pay for the present and a monthly stipend of \$8 per month for the future. When he came out his trance, Hatton went to Owingsville and proceed-ed to stock his larder in shape. A few days after he had received his pension money he met Preacher McDaniel.

" 'Mr Hatton,' said McDaniel, 'we have just finished hog killing over at my place, and in my smoke house are several fine hog jowls, which I hope you and your family will enjoy.'

" 'Thankee., Mr McDaniel,' said Hatton, chuckling, 'thankee pow-erful, sir. Time was when the Hat-ton's sot considibul store by sich trimmin's, but they're a-eatin' further back on the hog than the jowl, now.'

"And that," said Dorr, "is the way with the Republican party in West Virginia. It is done with the jowl end of the political hog."

Economy is Necessary.

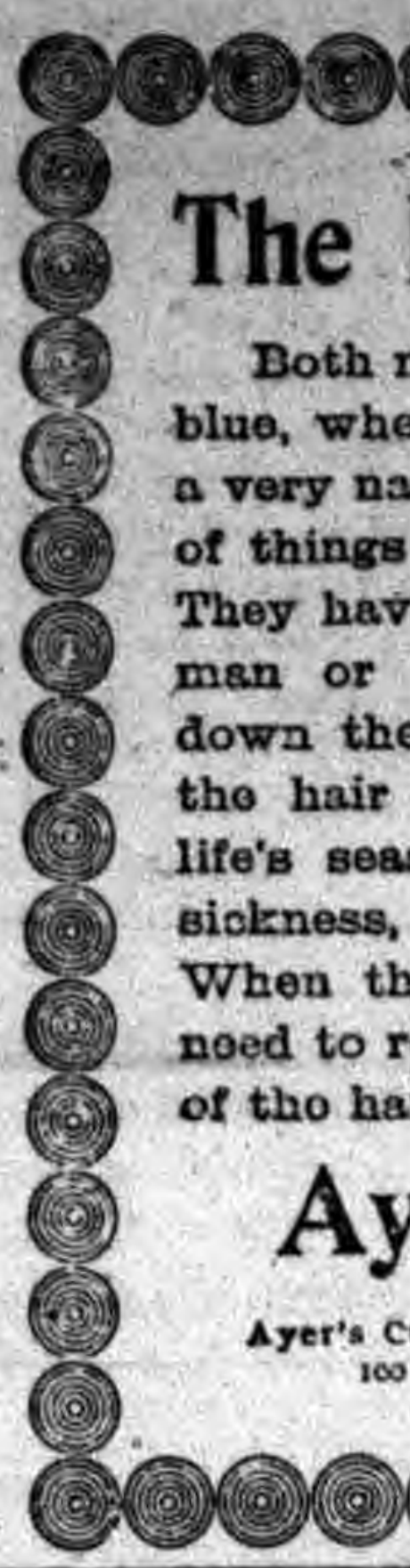
Tho we hear much in Washing-ton from statesmen urging the im-position of further burdens upon the people on the specious pre-tense that the government of the Republic needs more revenue, we hear no demands for rational econ-omy.

The United States is the most extravagantly expensive govern-ment on the face of the earth. No despotism exacts more tribute from its people than the republic. True it is free from the expense of a great standing army, but its expen-ditures on account of military and naval affairs, together with its enormous pension disbursements, are greater than the expenditure for military affairs in the German Empire, the greatest military pow-er in Europe.

The mere expense of conducting the government printing establish-ment, in which the expenditure is lavish and useless to the last de-gree, would go far toward support-ing many of the smaller European governments. Our statesmen at Washington have surrounded themselves with extraordinary lux-ury. At the cost of the people of the whole country they have made Washington the most delightful capital in the world. Aside from salaries larger than are paid to and legislator in the round world, they have voted themselves secretaries, stationary allowances, hot houses, and a congressional library (in which none of them is ever seen) larger and more exquisitely beau-tiful than any on earth.

Citizens of the republic are suf-fering as they never suffered be-fore. They are struggling for ex-istence. They are sending men to Washington in the expectation that they will consult their inter-ests, and, as far as lies within the proper functions of government, give them relief. It can be had only by an enlargement of the cur-rency and a reduction of taxation. But when the men sent as legisla-tors to Washington reach there they think not of relieving the bur-dens upon the people, but of add-ing to them upon the plea that more money is needed to meet the expenses of the government.

We want at Washington earnest and honest men who will labor se-riously to reduce the expenditures of the government, not endeavor to find new ways of extorting tribute. Taxed thro the custom houses, the people have not been presented di-rectly with tax bills and they have not seen clearly wherein they have suffered. If direct taxation had been leveled to support the gener-al government during the past few years of hardship and suffering there would have been a revolu-tion.—Charleston Gazette,



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C. A. Yeager's Hotel. answered.

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IM, M. D., SURGEON, W. VA.

C. A. Yeager's Hotel. answered.

revert wishes for the daughter's speedy reversion to health and usefulness.

Beverly Court - House Burned.

The court-house at Beverly, the county seat of Randolph County, was burned to the ground last Thursday afternoon. The building was about the size and very similar to our own court-house, being finished in 1894. It was a much more expensive building, however, as it cost the county about \$40,000. With the furniture, the loss is about \$50,000.

The sheriff's papers were in his office at the time of the fire, and as he was out of town, none of them were saved. Among the papers destroyed for him were \$40,000 in vouchers, \$18,000 in school orders, and \$10,000 in road orders.

The cause of the fire will be readily understood by anyone who has examined the sanitary system of our own court-house. It was put in by Bennett & Peck, of Cincinnati, who furnished our building. The plan is to have the refuse and garbage of the water-closets burned up by the action of fire in a furnace put in for the purpose. This arrangement is in the basement. At Beverly the May term of the Circuit Court adjourned on the day before the fire, and the janitor proceeded to cleanse the building. He poured three or four gallons of coal-oil on the garbage, set it on fire, and left it. W. H. Wilson, the Circuit Clerk, discovered the blaze from his office in the first floor and gave the alarm. The building burned very rapidly, and as the town has no system of waterworks absolutely nothing could be done toward extinguishing the flames. There was no insurance whatever on the building or contents.

The building of the court-house in 1893-94 distressed the county of Randolph even more than the building of the court-house in this county, and they have a much heavier job before them now.

The example of Randolph's loss perfectly justifies the action of the County Court of this county carrying a \$20,000 insurance policy, which it has done from a time before the building was taken off the contractor's hands. It might also suggest the removal of the Bennett & Peck sanitary system in the basement, which has been very offensive during courts held in warm weather. While with ordinary care there is not the slightest danger of fire from the system; still it is, at times, the most filthy arrangement imaginable.

The reports received say that the records of the county extending over a hundred years were destroyed by the fire, tho the authentic newspaper accounts leave it in doubt as the accounts were written before the ruins had cooled sufficiently to admit of examination. Whether they were destroyed or not will be a question of great interest with us for our vaults are similar. The records of the largest and one of the oldest counties of the State are very important and their loss would entail a vast amount of work and trouble to restore.

Just before going to press we received a letter from J. A. McLaughlin, who with his sister Miss Fannie were in Beverly to take the train, saying that all the records of the county were saved except the land-books for 1894, 1895, and 1896. The people of Beverly fear that an effort will be made to move the county-seat to Elkins. The building was one hour in burning.

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